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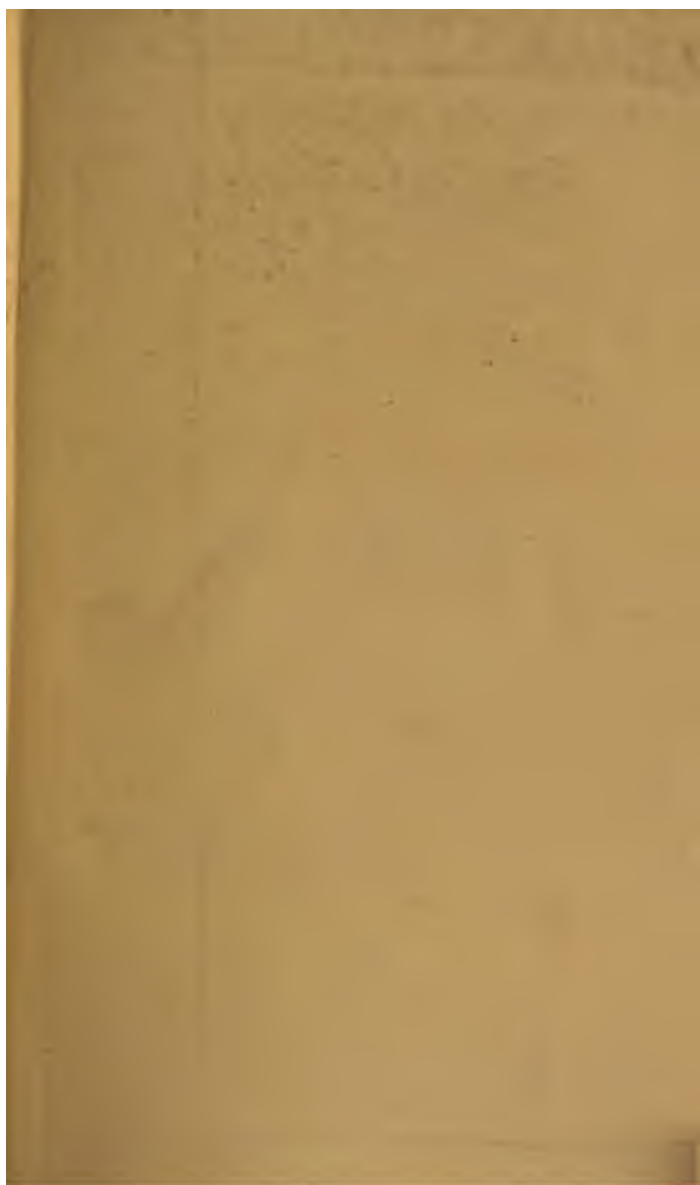




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CHILDHOOD.

1

CHILDHOOD,

ILLUSTRATED

IN

A SELECTION FROM THE POETS.

BY

H. M. R.

" Oh children they are holy things
Beloved of earth and heaven,
And angels shield with guardian wings
The home where they are given."
BLACKWOOD'S MAG.

LONDON:
HARVEY AND DARTON,
GRACECHURCH-STREET.
1841.

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MANY minds will respond to the truth of the sentiment so well expressed by Mr. Milnes, that it is "the duty of every man to dispense what has sprung up freshly and purely in his own moral being, if he possesses the artistic means necessary to convey it agreeably to others."* May it not then be hoped that in the more humble task of following the steps of the gifted, and gathering the flowers which have sprung up around their path, it will not be considered an unworthy or ungrateful service to present, in a collected form, some of the beautiful poetry which has been so profusely offered at the shrine of childhood?

The expression of the feelings excited by the contemplation of children,—who may be

* Poems of Richard Monckton Milnes, vol. i.

called the poetry of earth as “stars the poetry of heaven”—cannot fail to meet with the sympathy of all who are intimately associated with them, or whose minds are accustomed to view with a poetic eye the events and circumstances of life.

To the Authors and Publishers who have given me permission to make extracts from their works, I beg to offer my sincere thanks. I must ever remain deeply obliged to the friends who have assisted me by original contributions, and by the kind interest which they have shown in the success of my little volume;—that it should not be graced by the exquisite poem of Mr. Milnes, “The Christmas Story,” I much regret, but the poem is of too recent publication to admit with propriety of a request being made to adopt it in this selection.

HANNAH MARY RATHBONE.

Woodcroft, December 14, 1840.

LITTLE CHILDREN.

MARY HOWITT.

SPORTING through the forest wide ;
Playing by the waterside ;
Wandering o'er the heathy fells,
Down within the woodland dells ;
All among the mountains wild
Dwelleth many a little child !
In the baron's hall of pride,
By the poor man's dull fireside ;
'Mid the mighty, 'mid the mean,
Little children may be seen,
Like the flowers that spring up fair,
Bright and countless, everywhere !

In the far isles of the main ;
In the desert's lone domain ;
In the savage mountain glen,
'Mong the tribes of swarthy men ;

Wheresoe'er a foot hath gone,
Wheresoe'er the sun hath shone
On a league of peopled ground,
Little children may be found !
Blessings on them ! they in me
Move a kindly sympathy,
With their wishes hopes and fears ;
With their laughter and their tears ;
With their wonder so intense,
And their small experience !

Little children, not alone
On the wide earth are ye known.
'Mid its labours and its cares,
'Mid its sufferings and its snares ;—
Free from sorrow, free from strife,
In the world of love and life,
Where no sinful thing hath trod,
In the presence of your God,
Spotless, blameless, glorified,
Little children, ye abide !

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TO A CHILD.

BARRY CORNWALL.

FAIREST of earth's creatures !
All thy innocent features
Moulded in beauty do become thee well.
Oh ! may thy future years
Be free from pains and fears,
False love and others' envy, and the guile
That lurks beneath a friend-like smile,
And all the various ills that dwell
In this so strange-compounded world ; and may
Thy looks be like the skies of May,
Supremely soft and clear,
With now and then a tear
For others' sorrows, not thy own.
And may thy sweet voice,
Like a stream afar,
Flow in perpetual music, and its tone
Be joyful, and bid all who hear rejoice ;
And may thy bright eye, like a star,

Shine sweet, and cheer the hearts that love thee,
And take in all the beauty of the flowers,
Deep woods, and running brooks, and the rich sights
Which thou mayst note above thee
At noontide, or on inter-lunar nights,
Or when blue Iris, after showers,
Bends her cerulean bow, and seems to rest
On some distant mountain's breast,
Surpassing all the shapes that lie
Haunting the sunset of an autumn sky.

ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

. J. CUNNINGHAM.

Yes, thou art fled, and saints a welcome sing ;
Thine infant spirit soars on angel wing ;
Our dark affection might have hoped thy stay,—
The voice of God has call'd the child away.
Like Samuel early in the temple found—
Sweet rose of Sharon, plant of holy ground,
O ! more than Samuel blessed, to thee is given,
The God he served on earth to serve in heaven.

THE CHILDREN WHOM JESUS BLEST.

MRS. HEMANS.

HAPPY were they, the mothers, in whose sight
 Ye grew, fair children ! hallowed from that hour
 By your Lord's blessing ! surely thence a shower
 Of heavenly beauty, a transmitted light
 Hung on your brows and eyelids, meekly bright,
 Through all the after years which saw ye move
 Lowly yet still majestic, in the might,
 The conscious glory of the Saviour's love !
 And honoured be all childhood, for the sake
 Of that high love ! Let reverential care
 Watch to behold the immortal spirit wake,
 And shield its first bloom from unholy air ;
 Owning in each young suppliant glance the sign
 Of claims upon a heritage divine.

TO A SLEEPING CHILD.

PROFESSOR WILSON.

ART thou a thing of mortal birth,
Whose happy home is on our earth ?
Does human blood with life embue
Those wandering veins of heavenly blue,
That stray along thy forehead fair,
Lost 'mid a gleam of golden hair ?
Oh ! can that light and airy breath
Steal from a being doomed to death ;
Those features to the grave be sent
In sleep thus mutely eloquent ;
Or art thou, what thy form would seem,
The phantom of a blessed dream ?
A human shape I feel thou art,
I feel it at my beating heart,—
Those tremors both of soul and sense,
Awoke by infant innocence !
Though dear the forms by fancy wove,
We love them with a transient love ;
Thoughts from the living world intrude
Even on her deepest solitude :

But, lovely child ! thy magic stole
At once into my inmost soul,
With feelings as thy beauty fair,
And left no other vision there.

To me thy parents are unknown ;
Glad would they be their child to own !
And well they must have loved before,
If since thy birth they loved not more.
Thou art a branch of noble stem,
And, seeing thee, I figure them.
What many a childless one would give,
If thou in their still home wouldst live !
Though in thy face no family-line
Might sweetly say, " This babe is mine !"
In time thou wouldst become the same
As their own child—all but the name !

How happy must thy parents be
Who daily live in sight of thee !
Whose hearts no greater pleasure seek
Than see thee smile and hear thee speak,
And feel all natural griefs beguiled
By thee, their fond, their duteous child.
What joy must in their souls have stirred
When thy first broken words were heard,
Words that, inspired by heaven, expressed
The transports dancing in thy breast !

As for thy smile !—thy lip, cheek, brow,
Even while I gaze are kindling now.

I called thee duteous : am I wrong ?
No ! truth, I feel, is in my song :
Duteous thy heart's still beatings move
To God, to nature, and to love !
To God !—for thou, a harmless child,
Hast kept his temple undefiled :
To nature !—for thy tears and sighs
Obey alone her mysteries :
To love !—for fiends of hate might see
Thou dwell'st in love, and love in thee !
What wonder then, though in thy dreams
Thy face with mystic meaning beams !

Oh that my spirit's eye could see
Whence burst those gleams of ecstasy !
That light of dreaming soul appears
To play from thoughts above thy years.
Thou smil'st as if thy soul were soaring
To heaven, and heaven's God adoring !
And who can tell what visions high
May bless an infant's sleeping eye ?
What brighter throne can brightness find
To reign on than an infant's mind,
Ere sin destroy or error dim
The glory of the seraphim ?

But now thy changing smiles express
Intelligible happiness.
I feel my soul thy soul partake—
What grief, if thou shouldst now awake !
With infants happy as thyself
I see thee bound, a playful elf ;
I see thou art a darling child
Among thy playmates, bold and wild.
They love thee well : thou art the queen
Of all their sports, in bower or green ;
And if thou livest to woman's height,
In thee will friendship, love delight.

And live thou surely must ; thy life
Is far too spiritual for the strife
Of mortal pain, nor could disease
Find heart to prey on smiles like these.
Oh ! thou wilt be an angel bright !
To those thou lovest, a saving light !
The staff of age, the help sublime
Of erring youth and stubborn prime ;
And when thou goest to heaven again,
Thy vanishing be like the strain
Of airy harp, so soft the tone
The ear scarce knows when it is gone !

Thrice-blessed he ! whose stars design
His spirit pure to lean on thine ;
And watchful share, for days and years,

Thy sorrows, joys, sighs, smiles, and tears !
For good and guiltless as thou art,
Some transient griefs will touch thy heart,
Griefs that along thy altered face
Will breathe a more subduing grace,
Than e'en those looks of joy that lie
On the soft cheek of infancy.
Though looks, God knows, are cradled there
That guilt might cleanse, or soothe despair.

Oh, vision fair ! that I could be
Again as young, as pure as thee !
Vain wish ! the rainbow's radiant form
May view, but cannot brave the storm ;
Years can bedim the gorgeous dyes
That paint the bird of paradise,
And years, so fate hath ordered, roll
Clouds o'er the summer of the soul.
Yet sometimes sudden sights of grace,
Such as the gladness of thy face,
O sinless babe ! by God are given
To charm the wanderer back to heaven.

No common impulse hath me led
To this green spot, thy quiet bed,
Where, by mere gladness overcome,
In sleep thou dreamest of thy home.
When to the lake I would have gone,
A wondrous beauty drew me on,

Such beauty as the spirit sees
In glittering fields and moveless trees,
After a warm and silent shower,
Ere falls on earth the twilight hour ;
What led me hither all can say,
Who, knowing God, his will obey.

Thy slumbers now cannot be long ;
Thy little dreams become too strong
For sleep,—too like realities :
Soon shall I see those hidden eyes !
Thou wakest, and starting from the ground,
In dear amazement look'st around ;
Like one who, little given to roam,
Wonders to find herself from home.
But when a stranger meets thy view,
Glistens thine eye with wilder hue.
A moment's thought who I may be,
Blends with thy smiles of courtesy.
Fair was that face as break of dawn,
When o'er its beauty sleep was drawn
Like a thin veil, that half concealed
The light of soul, and half revealed.
While thy hushed heart, with visions wrought,
Each trembling eyelash moved with thought,
And things we dream, but ne'er can speak,
Like clouds came floating o'er thy cheek,
Such summer-clouds as travel light,
When the soul's heaven lies calm and bright :

Till thou awak'st—then to thine eye
Thy whole heart leapt in ecstasy !

And lovely is that heart of thine,
Or sure these eyes could never shine
With such a wild, yet bashful glee,
Gay, half-o'ercome timidity !
Nature has breathed into thy face
A spirit of unconscious grace ;
A spirit that lies never still,
And makes thee joyous 'gainst thy will.
As, sometimes o'er a sleeping lake
Soft airs a gentle rippling make,
Till, ere we know, the strangers fly,
And water blends again with sky.

Oh, happy sprite ! didst thou but know
What pleasures through my being flow
From thy soft eyes, a holier feeling
From their blue light could ne'er be stealing,
But thou wouldst be more loth to part,
And give me more of that glad heart !
Oh, gone thou art ! and bearest hence
The glory of thy innocence.
But with deep joy I breathe the air
That kissed thy cheek and fanned thy hair,
And feel though fate our lives must sever,
Yet shall thy image live for ever !

C A R P E D I E M.

BARRY CORNWALL.

No care, no labour for the child !
 Ever let him laugh and run,
 After shadows in the sun,—
 Amidst breezes free and wild,
 Free and all as wild as they,
 And happy as a summer's day !

Err we not,—when we constrain
 The tender infant, with much pain,
 Its early, natural course to leave,
 And teach its heart (too soon) to grieve ?
 Why, grief *must* come ! No fear, lest life
 Will pass without *some* care and strife,—
 Enough to teach whoe'er will learn
 That human lesson, dark and stern,
 That here we come to *bear*—(within)
 The pain of our ancestral sin.
 Sorrow *will* come : but joy may fly,
 (That sun of our uncertain sky,)
 And leave us in the darkness wild—

Then—"gather the roses," happy child !
And sing, and laugh, and dance,—and tread
Care, the serpent, on its head ;
And press the sweets from all the flowers,
And *live* throughout the sunshine hours !

THE TWO DREAMERS.

MISS WILLIAMS.

[EXTRACT.]

I SAW a little child ;
The smile of heaven was on him—he was fraught
With innocence and trust—just in the dew
And sparkle of existence ; and, methought,
Familiar with his mind my spirit grew,
Felt with his feelings, saw with his clear eyes,
And then I knew that I had entered in
To one of nature's loveliest sanctuaries.
Devotion at such shrine might well begin.

A GRANDSIRE'S TALE.

BERNARD BARTON.

THE tale I tell was told me long ago ;
Yet mirthful ones, since heard, have passed
away,
While this still wakens memory's fondest glow,
And feelings fresh as those of yesterday :
'T was told me by a man whose hairs were grey,
Whose brow bore token of the lapse of years,
Yet o'er his heart affection's gentle sway
Maintained that lingering spell which age
endears,
And while he told his tale his eyes were dim with
tears.

But not with tears of sorrow :—for the eye
Is often wet with joy and gratitude ;
And well his faltering voice, and tear, and sigh,
Declared a heart by thankfulness subdued :
Brief feelings of regret might there intrude,
Like clouds which shade awhile the moon's fair
light ;

Then—"gather the roses," happy child !
And sing, and laugh, and dance,—and tread
Care, the serpent, on its head ;
And press the sweets from all the flowers,
And live throughout the sunshine hours !

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Felt with his feelings, saw with his clear eyes,
And then I knew that I had entered in
To one of nature's loveliest sanctuaries.
Devotion at such shrine might well begin.

But meek submission soon her power renewed,
And patient smiles, by tears but made more
bright,
Confessed that God's decree was wise, and good,
and right.

It was a winter's evening,—clear, but still ;
Bright was the fire, and bright the silvery
beam
Of the fair moon shone on the window-sill,
And parlour-floor ;—the softly mingled gleam
Of fire and moonlight suited well a theme
Of pensive converse unallied to gloom ;
Ours varied like the subjects of a dream,
And turned at last upon the silent tomb,
Earth's goal for hoary age, and beauty's smiling
bloom.

We talked of life's last hour,—the varied forms
And features it assumes ; how some men die
As sets the sun when dark clouds threaten storms,
And starless nights ; others, whose evening
sky
Resembles those which to the outward eye
Seem full of promise ;—and with softened tone,
At seasons checked by no ungrateful sigh,
The death of one sweet grandchild of his own
Was by that hoary man most tenderly made known.

She was, he said, a fair and lovely child
As ever parent could desire to see,
Or seeing, fondly love ; of manners mild,
Affections gentle, even in her glee,
Her very mirth from levity was free ;
But her more common mood of mind was one
Thoughtful beyond her early age, for she
In ten brief years her little course had run,—
Many more brief have known, but brighter surely
none.

Though some might deem her pensive, if not sad,
Yet those who knew her better, best could tell
How calmly happy, and how meekly glad
Her quiet heart in its own depths did dwell :
Like to the waters in some crystal well,
In which the stars of heaven at noon are seen,
Fancy might deem on her young spirit fell
Glimpses of light more glorious and serene
Than that of life's brief day, so heavenly was her
mien.

But though no boisterous playmate, her fond
smile
Had sweetness in it passing that of mirth ;
Loving and kind, her thoughts, words, deeds, the
while
Betrayed of childish sympathies no dearth :

She loved the wild flowers scattered over earth,
Bright insects sporting in the light of day,
Blithe songsters giving joyous music birth
In groves impervious to the noontide ray ;—
All these she loved as much as those who seemed
more gay.

Yet more she loved the word, the smile, the
look,
Of those who reared her with religious care ;
With fearful joy she coned that holy book,
At whose unfolded page full many a prayer,
In which her weal immortal had its share,
Recurred to memory ; for she had been trained,
Young as she was, her early cross to bear ;
And taught to love with fervency unfeigned,
The record of His life whose death salvation gained.

I dare not linger, like my ancient friend,
On every charm and grace of this fair maid ;
For, in his narrative, the story's end
Was long with fond prolixity delayed ;
Though fancy had too well its close portrayed
Before I heard it. Who but might have
guessed
That one so ripe for heaven would early fade
In this brief state of trouble and unrest ;
Yet only wither here to bloom in life more blest ?

My theme is one of joy, and not of grief ;
I would not loiter o'er such flower's decay,
Nor stop to paint it, slowly, leaf by leaf,
Fading and sinking to its parent clay :
She sank as sinks the glorious orb of day,
His radiance brightening at his journey's
close,
Yet with that chastened, soft, and gentle ray
In which no dazzling splendour fiercely glows,
But on whose mellowed light our eyes with joy
repose.

Her strength was failing, but it seemed to sink
So calmly, tenderly, it woke no fear ;
'T was like a rippling wave on ocean's brink,
Which breaks in dying music on the ear,
And placid beauty on the eye : no tear
Except of quiet joy in hers was known,
Though some there were around her justly dear,
Her love for whom in every look was shown,
Yet more and more she sought and loved to be
alone.

One summer morn they missed her : she had
been

As usual to the garden arbour brought,
After their matin meal ; her placid mien
Had worn no seeming shade of graver thought,

Her voice, her smile, with cheerfulness were
fraught,
And she was left amid that peaceful scene
A little space ; but when she there was sought,
In her secluded oratory green,
Their arbour's sweetest flower had left its leafy
screen !

They found her in her chamber, by the bed
Whence she had risen, and on the bedside chair,
Before her, was an open Bible spread ;
Herself upon her knees. With tender care
They stole on her devotions, when the air
Of her meek countenance the truth made known :
The child had died ! died in the act of prayer !
And her pure spirit, without sigh or groan,
To heaven and endless joy from earth and grief had
flown.

SONNET.

EMILY TAYLOR.

MOTHER, revere God's image in thy child !
No earthly gift thy parent arms enfold ;
No mortal tongue as yet the worth hath told
Of that which in thy bosom, meek and mild,
Rests its weak head. O, not by sense beguiled
Gaze on that form of perishable mould ;
Though first by thee it lived, on thee it smiled,
Yet not for thee existence must it hold,
For God's it is, not thine. Thou art but one
To whom that happy destiny is given,
To see an everlasting life begun,
To watch the dawnings of the future heaven,
And to be such in purity and love
As best may win it to that life above !

SONNET.

REV. C. STRONG.

PASSING the enclosure where the dead repose,
 I saw, in sable weeds, a gentle pair
 Lingering with fond regard at evening's close,
 Beside a little grave fresh swelling there :
 Silent they stood—serene their thoughtful air ;
 There fell no tear, no vain complaint arose ;
 Faith seemed to prompt the unutterable prayer,
 And to their view the eternal home disclose.
 Next Sabbath brought me where the floweret lay,
 Record of high descent the marble bore,
 Heir of a noble house, and only stay ;
 And these words gathered from the Bible's store—
 “The Lord hath given, the Lord hath ta'en away,
 His holy name be blessed evermore.”

THE HEBREW MOTHER.

MRS. HEMANS.

THE rose was rich in bloom on Sharon's plain,
 When a young mother, with her first-born, thence
 Went up to Zion ; for the boy was vowed
 Unto the temple-service. By the hand
 She led him, and her silent soul, the while,
 Oft as the dewy laughter of his eye
 Met her sweet, serious glance, rejoiced to think
 That aught so pure, so beautiful, was hers
 To bring before her God.

So passed they on,
 O'er Judah's hills ; and wheresoe'er the leaves
 Of the broad sycamore made sounds at noon,
 Like lulling raindrops, or the olive-boughs,
 With their cool dimness, crossed the sultry blue
 Of Syria's heaven, she paused, that he might rest :
 Yet from her own meek eyelids chased the sleep
 That weighed their dark fringe down, to sit and watch
 The crimson deepening o'er his cheek's repose,
 As at a red flower's heart : and where a fount

Lay, like a twilight star, 'midst palmy shades,
Making its banks green gems along the wild,
There too she lingered, from the diamond wave
Drawing clear water for his rosy lips,
And softly parting clusters of jet curls
To bathe his brow.

At last the fane was reached,
The earth's one sanctuary ; and rapture hushed
Her bosom, as before her, through the day
It rose a mountain of white marble, steeped
In light like floating gold. But the hour
Waned to the farewell moment, when the boy
Lifted, through rainbow-gleaming tears, his eye
Beseechingly to hers, and half in fear,
Turned from the white-robed priest, and round her
arm

Clung e'en as ivy clings : the deep spring-tide
Of nature then swelled high ; and o'er her child
Bending, her soul brake forth, in mingled sounds
Of weeping and sad song. " Alas ! " she cried,—

" Alas, my boy ! thy gentle grasp is on me,
The bright tears quiver in thy pleading eyes,
And now fond thoughts arise,
And silver chords again to earth have won me ;
And like a vine thou claspest my full heart—
How shall I hence depart ?

“How the lone paths retrace, where thou wert
playing
So late along the mountains at my side?
And I in joyous pride,
By every place of flowers my course delaying,
Wove e’en as pearls, the lilies round thy hair,
Beholding thee so fair!

“And oh! the home whence thy bright smile hath
parted,
Will it not seem as if the sunny day
Turned from the door away,
While, through its chambers wandering weary-
hearted,
I languish for thy voice, which past me still,
Went like a singing rill?

“Under the palm-trees thou no more shalt meet me,
When from the fount at evening I return
With the full water-urn!
Nor will thy sleep’s low, dove-like murmurs greet me,
As ’midst the silence of the stars I wake,
And watch for thy dear sake.

“And thou, will slumber’s dewy cloud fall round
thee
Without thy mother’s hand to smooth thy bed?
Wilt thou not vainly spread

Thine arms, when darkness as a veil hath wound
thee,
To find my neck ; and lift up in thy fear,
A cry which none shall hear ?

“ What have I said, my child ? Will He not hear
thee

Who the young ravens heareth from their nest ?
Will He not guard thy rest,
And, in the hush of holy midnight, hear thee,
Breathe o’er thy soul, and fill its dreams with joy ?
Thou shalt sleep soft, my boy !

“ I give thee to thy God !—the God that gave thee,
A well-spring of deep gladness to my heart !
And precious as thou art,
And pure as dew of Hermon, He shall have thee,
My own, my beautiful, my undefiled !
And thou shalt be His child !

“ Therefore, farewell ;—I go ; my soul may fail me,
As the stag panteth for the water-brooks,
Yearning for thy sweet looks !
But thou, my first-born ! droop not, nor bewail me ;
Thou in the shadow of the rock shalt dwell,
The Rock of Strength—farewell !”

ON THE MEDALLION

(BY ALFRED COUNT D'ORSAY)

OF A BEAUTIFUL MUTE.

HENRY F. CHORLEY.

SPEAK not! the while delightedly we gaze
 On gentle brow, and softly-flowing curls,
 Silent those lips enclose their store of pearls,
 Silent her childhood's passion and amaze.
 Yes! she is mute!—but blame it not as wrong
 Of fate :—her heart hath raptures all its own,
 For fear and guile are bosom-guests unknown,
 And fancies passing speech, in magic throng
 People the soundless chambers of her brain.
 Well may that archly pensive smile constrain
 Our tenderest prayers with influence deep as mild :
 Look here! how sweet a marvel it hath wrought!
 The strong right hand of wit and courage taught
 With Love's own finest touch, to mould the Angel
 Child!

TO MY FRIEND'S FIRST-BORN.

ANONYMOUS.

HAD I all former joy forgot,
 Crushed by a rude ungentle lot ;
 Were I grown old and crazed by care,
 With tottering steps and forehead bare—
 If years of anxious sorrowing,
 Spared my poor lyre one only string,
 The tone of that last string should be,
 Dear new-born child ! a song to welcome thee !

Aye welcome ! vain in centuries dead,
 When countless flocks the patriarchs fed,
 Spoke angel's voice beneath some tree,
 Shone angel's smile on laughing lea,
 To fill man's heart with such delight
 As thy proud parents know to-night,
 While listening to thine infant cry,
 And watching for thy dim awakening eye.

But leave we fancy's glowing spell,
 Affection's simple thoughts to tell ;

When thou wert born, within my heart
A fountain of new love did start
To life ! and if the Highest cares
To gather up my feeble prayers,
He'll trace, dear child, a path for thee
As smooth as pilgrim's path can be,
Through earth's mixed crowd of shadows vain,
Where pleasure wages ceaseless war with pain.

TO ADELAIDE.

BARRY CORNWALL.

CHILD of my heart ! my sweet, beloved First-born !
Thou dove who tidings bring'st of calmer hours !
Thou rainbow who dost shine when all the showers
Are past,—or passing ! Rose which hath no thorn,
No spot, no blemish,—pure, and unforlorn !
Untouched, untainted ! O, my flower of flowers !
More welcome than to bees are summer bowers,
To stranded seamen life-assuring morn !
Welcome,—a thousand welcomes ! Care, who clings
'Round all, seems loosening now its serpent fold :
New hope springs upward ; and the bright World seems
Cast back into a youth of endless springs !
Sweet mother, is it so ?—or grow I old
Bewildered in divine Elysian dreams ?

THE SABBATH-DAY'S CHILD.

TO ELIZABETH,

Infant Daughter of the Rev. Sir Richard Fleming, Bart.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

PURE, precious drop of dear mortality,
 Untainted fount of life's meandering stream,
 Whose innocence is like the dewy beam
 Of morn, a visible reality,
 Holy and quiet as a hermit's dream :
 Unconscious witness to the promised birth
 Of perfect good, that may not grow on earth,
 Nor be computed by the worldly worth
 And stated limits of morality,
 Fair type and pledge of full redemption given,
 Through Him that saith, "Of such is the kingdom
 of Heaven."

Sweet infant, whom thy brooding parents love
 For what thou art, and what they hope to see thee,
 Unhallowed sprites, and earth-born phantoms flee
 thee ;
 Thy soft simplicity, a hovering dove,

That still keeps watch, from blight and bane to free
thee ;

With its weak wings, in peaceful care outspread,
Fanning invisibly thy pillowed head,
Strikes evil powers with reverential dread,
Beyond the sulphurous bolts of fabled Jove.
Or whatsoe'er of amulet or charm,
Fond ignorance devised to save poor souls from harm.

To see thee sleeping on thy mother's breast,
It were indeed a lovely sight to see :
Who would believe that restless sin can be
In the same world that holds such sinless rest ?
Happy art thou, sweet babe, and happy she
Whose voice alone can still thy baby cries,
Now still itself ; yet pensive smiles, and sighs,
And the mute meanings of a mother's eyes
Declare her thinking, deep felicity :
A bliss, my babe, how much unlike to thine !
Mingled with earthly fears, yet cheered with hope
divine.

Thou breathing image of the life of nature !
Say rather image of a happy death—
For the vicissitudes of vital breath,
Of all infirmity the slave and creature,
That by the act of being perisheth,
Are far unlike that slumber's perfect peace .

Which seems too absolute and pure to cease,
Or suffer diminution, or increase :
A calm, it seems, that is not, shall not be,
Save in the silent depths of calm eternity.

A star reflected in a dimpling rill
That moves so slow, it hardly moves at all ;
The shadow of a white-robed waterfall,
Seen in the lake beneath when all is still ;
A wandering cloud, that with its fleecy pall
Whitens the lustre of an autumn moon ;
A sudden breeze that cools the cheek of noon,
Not marked till missed—so soft it fades, and soon ;—
Whatever else the fond inventive skill
Of fancy may suggest, can not supply
Fit semblance of the sleeping life of infancy.

Calm art thou as the blessed Sabbath eve,
The blessed Sabbath eve when thou wast born ;
Yet sprightly as a summer Sabbath morn,
When surely 'twere a thing unmeet to grieve ;
When ribbons gay the village maids adorn,
And Sabbath music, on the swelling gales,
Floats to the farthest nooks of winding vales,
And summons all the beauty of the dales.
Fit music this a stranger to receive ;
And, lovely child, it rung to welcome thee,
Announcing thy approach with gladsome minstrelsy.

So be thy life—a gentle Sabbath, pure
From worthless strivings of the work-day earth :
May time make good the omen of thy birth,
Nor worldly care thy growing thoughts immure,
Nor hard-eyed thrift usurp the throne of mirth
On thy smooth brow. And though fast-coming
 years
Must bring their fated dower of maiden fears,
Of timid blushes, sighs, and fertile tears,
Soft sorrow's sweetest offspring, and her cure,
May every day of thine be good and holy,
And thy worst woe, a pensive melancholy.

FROM THE PERSIAN.

SIR W. JONES.

ON parent knees, a naked, new-born child,
Weeping thou sat'st, while all around thee smiled :
So live, that, sinking in thy last long sleep,
Calm thou may'st smile, when all around thee weep.

THE MOTHER'S SACRIFICE.

"GOD LOVETH A CHEERFUL GIVER."

MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"WHAT shall I render Thee, Father Supreme,
For thy rich gifts, and this the best of all?"
Said the young mother, as she fondly watched
Her sleeping babe. There was an answering voice
That night in dreams :—

"Thou hast a tender flower
Upon thy breast—fed with the dews of love :
Send me that flower. Such flowers there are in
heaven."

But there was silence. Yea, a hush so deep,
Breathless and terror-stricken, that the lip
Blanched in its trance.

"Thou hast a little harp,—
How sweetly would it swell the angel's hymn !
Yield me that harp."

There rose a shuddering sob,
As if the bosom by some hidden sword
Was cleft in twain.

Morn came—a blight had found
The crimson velvet of the unfolding bud,
The harp-strings rang a thrilling strain, and broke—
And that young mother lay upon the earth
In childless agony. Again the voice
That stirred her vision :

“He who asked of thee,
Loveth a cheerful giver.” So she raised
Her gushing eyes, and, ere the tear-drop dried
Upon its fringes, smiled—and that meek smile,
Like Abraham’s faith, was counted righteousness.

EPITAPH.

TRANSLATED FROM CHIABRERA.

WORDSWORTH.

Six months to six years added he remained
Upon this sinful earth, by sin unstained ;
O blessed Lord ! whose mercy then removed
A child whom every eye that looked on loved,
Support us, teach us calmly to resign
What we possessed, and now is wholly thine !

THE FIRST-BORN.

ALARIC A. WATTS.

NEVER did music sink into my soul
So "silver-sweet," as when thy first weak wail
On my rapt ear in doubtful murmurs stole,
Thou child of love and promise!—What a tale
Of hopes and fears, of gladness and of gloom,
Hung on that slender filament of sound!
Life's guileless pleasures and its griefs profound
Seemed mingling in thy horoscope of doom.
Thy bark is launched, and lifted is thy sail
Upon the weltering billows of the world;
But oh! may winds far gentler than have hurled
My struggling vessel on, for thee prevail:
Or, if thy voyage must be rough, mayst thou
Soon 'scape the storm and be—as blest as I am
now!

THE MOTHER'S HEART.

THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

WHEN first thou camest, gentle, shy and fond,
 My eldest-born, first hope, and dearest treasure,
 My heart received thee with a joy beyond
 All that it yet had felt of earthly pleasure ;
 Nor thought that *any* love again might be
 So deep and strong as that I felt for thee.

Faithful and fond, with sense beyond thy years,
 And natural piety that leaned to Heaven ;
 Wrung by a harsh word suddenly to tears,
 Yet patient of rebuke when justly given—
 Obedient—easy to be reconciled—
 And meekly cheerful—such wert thou, my child !

Nor willing to be left ; still by my side
 Haunting my walks, while summer-day was
 dying ;
 Nor leaving in thy turn ; but pleased to glide
 Through the dark room where I was sadly lying,
 Or by the couch of pain, a sitter meek,
 Watch the dim eye, and kiss the feverish cheek.

Oh ! boy, of such as thou are oftenest made
Earth's fragile idols ; like a tender flower,
No strength in all thy freshness,—prone to fade,—
And bending weakly to the thunder-shower,—
Still, round the loved, thy heart found force to bind,
And clung, like woodbine shaken in the wind !

Then THOU, my merry love ;—bold in thy glee,
Under the bough, or by the fire-light dancing,
With thy sweet temper, and thy spirit free,
Didst come, as restless as a bird's wing glancing,
Full of wild and irrepressible mirth,
Like a young sunbeam to the gladdened earth !

Thine was the shout ! the song ! the burst of joy !
Which sweet from childhood's rosy lip resoundeth ;
Thine was the eager spirit nought could cloy,
And the glad heart from which all grief rebound-
eth ;
And many a mirthful jest and mock reply,
Lurked in the laughter of thy dark-blue eye !

And thine was many an art to win and bless,
The cold and stern to joy and fondness warming ;
The coaxing smile ;—the frequent soft caress ;—
The earnest tearful prayer all wrath disarming !
Again my heart a new affection found,
But thought that love with *thee* had reached its
bound.

At length THOU camest ; thou, the last and least ;
 Nicknamed "The Emperor" by thy laughing
 brothers,
Because a haughty spirit swelled thy breast,
 And thou didst seek to rule and sway the others ;
Mingling with every playful infant wile
A mimic majesty that made us smile.

And oh ! most like a regal child wert thou !
 An eye of resolute and successful scheming ;
Fair shoulders—curling lip—and dauntless brow—
 Fit for the world's strife, not for poet's dreaming :
And proud the lifting of thy stately head,
And the firm bearing of thy conscious tread.

Different from both ! yet each succeeding claim,
 I, that all other love had been forswearing,
Forthwith admitted, equal and the same ;
 Nor injured either, by this love's comparing,
Nor stole a fraction for the newer call—
But in the mother's heart found room for ALL !

New Monthly Mag. 1837.

THE DYING MOTHER TO HER INFANT.

MISS BOWLES.

My baby! my poor little one! thou'st come a
winter flower,—

A pale and tender blossom, in a cold unkindly hour;
Thou comest with the snowdrop—and like that
pretty thing,

The Power that called my bud to life will shield its
blossoming.

The snowdrop hath no guardian leaves to fold her
safe and warm,

Yet well she bides the bitter blast, and weathers out
the storm;

I shall not long enfold thee thus—not long—but
well I know

The Everlasting arms, my babe, will never let thee
go!

The snowdrop—how it haunts me still!—hangs
down her fair young head,

So thine may droop in days to come, when I have
long been dead;

And yet the little snowdrop's safe!—from her instruction seek,
For who would crush the motherless, the lowly and the meek!

Yet motherless thou 'lt not be long—not long in name, my life,
Thy father soon will bring him home another, fairer wife;
Be loving, dutiful to her;—find favour in her sight;
But never, oh my child! forget thine own poor mother quite.

But who will speak to thee of her? the gravestone at her head
Will only tell the name and age, and lineage of the dead!
But not a word of all the love—the mighty love for thee,
That crowded years into an hour, of brief maternity.

They 'll put my picture from its place, to fix another there—
That picture, that was thought so like, and yet so passing fair!
Some chamber in thy father's house they 'll let thee call thy own—
Oh take it there to look upon, when thou art all alone!—

To breathe thine early griefs unto—if such assail my
child ;

To turn to, from less loving looks, from faces not so mild.

Alas ! unconscious little one ! thou 'lt never know
the best,

The holiest home of all the earth, a living mother's
breast.

I do repent me now too late, of each impatient thought,
That would not let me tarry out God's leisure as I
ought :

I've been too hasty, peevish, proud,—I longed to go
away ;

And now I'd fain live on for thee, God will not let
me stay.

Thou 'lt have thy father's eyes, my child !—oh ! once
how kind they were !

His long black lashes, his own smile, and just such
raven hair ;—

But here's a mark—poor innocent ! he 'll love thee
for 't the less,—

Like that upon thy mother's cheek his lips were
wont to press.

And yet, perhaps, I do him wrong—perhaps, when
all's forgot

But our young loves, in memory's mood, he'll kiss
this very spot.

Oh, then, my dearest ! clasp thine arms about his
neck full fast,
And whisper, that I bless'd him now, and loved him
to the last.

I've heard that little infants converse by smiles and
signs,
With the guardian band of angels, that round about
them shines,
Unseen by grosser senses ;—beloved one ! dost thou
Smile so upon thy heavenly friends, and commune
with them now ?

Oh ! when I think of what I was, and what I might
have been—
A bride last year,—and now to die ! and I am
scarce nineteen ;—
And just, just opening in my heart a fount of love,
so new,
So deep ! could that have run to waste ? could that
have failed me too ?

The bliss it would have been to see my daughter at
my side !
My prime of life scarce overblown, and hers in all its
pride ;

To deck her with my finest things—with all I've
rich and rare!

To hear it said, "How beautiful! and good as she is
fair!"

And then to place the marriage crown upon that
bright young brow!

Oh no! not that—'t is full of thorns; alas, I'm wan-
dering now.

This weak, weak head! this foolish heart! they'll
cheat me to the last;

I've been a dreamer all my life, and now that life is
past.

And hast thou not one look for me?—those little rest-
less eyes

Are wandering, wandering everywhere, the while
thy mother dies:

And yet—perhaps, thou'rt seeking me—expecting
me, mine own!

Come death, and make me to my child at least in
spirit known!

LUCY.

WORDSWORTH.

THREE years she grew in sun and shower :
Then Nature said, " A lovelier flower
 On earth was never sown ;
This child I to myself will take,
She shall be mine, and I will make
 A lady of mine own.

" Myself will to my darling be
Both law and impulse, and with me
 The girl, in rock and plain,
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
Shall feel an overseeing power
 To kindle or restrain.

" She shall be sportive as the fawn,
That wild with glee across the lawn
 Or up the mountain springs ;
And hers shall be the breathing balm,
And hers the silence and the calm
 Of mute insensate things.

“The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her ; for her the willow bend ;
Nor shall she fail to see
Even in the motions of the storm,
Grace that shall mould the maiden’s form
By silent sympathy.

“The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her ; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place,
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound,
Shall pass into her face :

“And vital feelings of delight
Shall rear her form to stately height,
Her virgin bosom swell ;
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give,
While she and I together live
Here in this happy dell !”

Thus Nature spake—the work was done—
How soon my Lucy’s race was run !
She died, and left to me
This heath, this calm and quiet scene,
The memory of what has been,
And never more will be.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

COLERIDGE.

[EXTRACT.]

THAT strain again !

Full fain it would detain me ! My dear babe,
Who, capable of no articulate sound,
Mars all things with his imitative lisp,
How would he place his hand behind his ear,
His little hand, the small forefinger up,
And bid us listen ! And I deem it wise
To make him nature's playmate. He knows well
The evening star ; and once when he awoke
In most distressful mood (some inward pain
Had made up that strange thing, an infant's dream,)
I hurried with him to our orchard plot,
And he beholds the moon, and hushed at once
Suspends his sobs, and laughs most silently,
While his fair eye that swam with undropt tears
Did glitter in the yellow moonbeam ! Well,
It is a father's tale. But if that Heaven
Should give me life, his childhood shall grow up
Familiar with these songs, that with the night
He may associate joy ! Once more farewell,
Sweet nightingale ! Once more, my friends, farewell !

ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

BARRY CORNWALL.

HITHER come at close of day,
And o'er this dust, sweet mothers, pray !
 A little infant lies within,
 Who never knew the name of sin,—
Beloved,—bright,—and all our own ;
Like morning fair,—and sooner flown !

No leaves or garlands wither here,
 Like those in foreign lands ;
No marble hides our dear one's bier,
 The work of alien hands :
The months it lived, the name it bore,
The silver telleth—nothing more !

No more ;—yet Silence stalketh round
 This vault so dim and deep,
And Death keeps watch without a sound,
 Where all lie pale and sleep ;
But palest here and latest hid,
Is *He*—beneath this coffin-lid.

How fair he was,—how *very* fair—
What dreams we pondered o'er,
Making his life so long and clear,
His fortunes flowing o'er ;
Our hopes—(that he would happy be,
When we ourselves were old,)—
The scenes we saw, or hoped to see—
They're soon and sadly told.
All was a dream !—it came and fled,
And left us here among the dead !

Pray, Mothers, pray, at close of day,
While we, sad parents, weep alway !
Pray too, (and softly be't and long,)
That all *your* babes, now fair and strong,
May blossom like—*not* like the rose,
For that doth fade when summer goes,
(*'T* was thus *our* pretty infant died,
The summer, and its mother's pride !)
But like some stern enduring tree,
That reacheth its green century,
May grow, may flourish, then decay,
After a long, calm, happy day,
Made happier by good deeds to men,
And hopes in heaven to meet again !

Pray !—from the happy prayer is due ;
While we—('t is all we now can do)
Will check our tears, and pray with you.

C O N F E S S I O N S.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

(EXTRACT.)

THRICE happy state again to be
The trustful infant on the knee !
Who lets his waxen fingers play
About his mother's neck, and knows
Nothing beyond his mother's eyes ;
They comfort him by night and day,
They light his little life away.
He hath no thought of coming woes,
He hath no care of life or death,
Scarce outward signs of joy arise,
Because the spirit of happiness
And perfect rest so inward is ;
And loveth so his innocent heart,
Her temple and her place of birth,
Where she would ever wish to dwell,
Life of the fountain there, beneath
Its salient springs, and far apart,
Hating to wander out on earth,
Or breathe into the hollow air
Whose chillness would make visible

Her subtile, warm and golden breath,
Which mixing with the infant's blood,
Full fills him with beatitude.
Oh, sure it is a special care
Of God, to fortify from doubt,
To arm in proof and guard about
With triple-mailed trust, and clear
Delight, the infant's dawning year.

CHILDHOOD.

C. LAMB.

In my poor mind it is most sweet to muse
Upon the days gone by ; to act in thought
Past reasons o'er, and be again a child ;
To sit in fancy on the turf-clad slope,
Down which the child would roll ; to pluck gay
 flowers,
Make posies in the sun, which the child's hand
(Childhood offended soon, soon reconciled,)
Would throw away, and straight take up again,
Then fling them to the winds, and o'er the lawn
Bound with so playful and so light a foot,
That the pressed daisy scarce declined her head.

TO MY DAUGHTER ON HER BIRTHDAY.

BERNARD BARTON.

My child, this is thy natal day,
And might a father's prayer
For thee inspire his votive lay,
What blessing shouldst thou share?

Shall wit, or wealth, or beauty move
Thy sire to bend his knee?
I hold thee far too dear, my love,
To crave these things for thee.

If wish of mine might prove of worth,
Be this thy portion given—
Thy mother's blameless life on earth,
Thy mother's lot in heaven.

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT
NEPHEW.

REV. C. NEALE.

WHILST there was hope I wept and prayed ;
For weeping, praying, still I said,
Who knows if He above may spare
The child of bitter tears and prayer ?

The child is dead. How short an hour
Hath dimmed the radiance of that flower !
In vain I wept, in vain I prayed ;—
The child, the dearly loved, is dead.

In vain thy weeping, praying ?—no ;
It is thy Father ; say not so :
That prayer, that silent agony,
If not for him was heard for thee.

Is there not virtue in this hour ?
Affliction hath a holy power :
'Tis then that faith best shows its worth,
As the bruised leaf breathes fragrance forth.

Once more the child of so much love,
Hath joined thy family above ;
And rising, vanishing from view,
Calls thy affection upward too.

THE FIRST BIRTHDAY.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

THE sun, sweet girl, hath run his year-long race
Through the vast nothing of the eternal sky—
Since the glad hearing of the first faint cry
Announced a stranger from the unknown place
Of unborn souls. How blank was then the face,
How uninformed the weak light-shunning eye,
That wept and saw not ! Poor mortality
Begins to mourn before it knows its case,
Prophetic in its ignorance. But soon
The hospitalities of earth engage
The banished spirit in its new exile—
Pass some few changes of the fickle moon,
The merry babe has learned its mother's smile,
Its father's frown, its nurse's mimic rage.

OH! SAY NOT 'TWERE A KEENER BLOW.

T. H. BAYLY.

OH! say not 't were a keener blow
 To lose a child of riper years,
 You cannot feel a mother's woe,
 You cannot dry a mother's tears :
 The girl who rears a sickly plant,
 Or cherishes a wounded dove,
 Will love them most while most they want
 The watchfulness of love !

Time *must* have changed that fair young brow !
 Time *might* have changed that spotless heart !
 Years *might* have taught deceit—but now
 In love's confiding dawn we part !
 Ere pain or grief had wrought decay,
 My babe is cradled in the tomb ;
 Like some fair blossom torn away
 Before its perfect bloom.

With thoughts of peril and of storm,
 We see a bark first touch the wave ;

But distant seems the whirlwind's form,
As distant—as an infant's grave !
Though all is calm, that beauteous ship
Must brave the whirlwind's rudest breath ;
Though all is calm, that infant's lip
Must meet the kiss of death !

ON MY FIRST DAUGHTER.

BEN JONSON.

HERE lies, to each her parents' ruth,
Mary, the daughter of their youth :
Yet all heaven's gifts, being heaven's due,
It makes the father less to rue.
At six months' end she parted hence
With safety of her innocence ;
Whose soul heaven's queen (whose name she bears,)
In comfort of her mother's tears,
Hath placed among her virgin train :
Where, while that severed doth remain,
This grave partakes the fleshly birth ;
Which cover lightly, gentle earth.

BURIAL OF AN EMIGRANT'S CHILD IN THE FORESTS.

MRS. HEMANS.

SCENE. *The banks of a solitary river in an American forest.
A tent under pine-trees in the foreground. AGNES sitting
before the tent with a child in her arms, apparently sleeping.*

AGNES. Surely 't is all a dream—a fever dream !
The desolation and the agony—
The strange red sunrise—and the gloomy woods,
So terrible with their dark giant boughs,
And the broad lonely river ! all a dream !
And my boy's voice will wake me with its clear,
Wild singing tones, as they were wont to come,
Through the wreathed sweetbriar at my lattice
panes,
In happy, happy England ! Speak to me !
Speak to thy mother, bright one ! she hath watched
All the dread night beside thee, till her brain
Is darkened by swift waves of phantasies,
And her soul faint with longing for thy voice.
Oh ! I *must* wake him with one gentle kiss
On his fair brow !

[*Shudderingly.*] The strange damp thrilling touch !
The marble chill ! Now, now it rushes back—
Now I know all !—dead—*dead* !—a fearful word !
My boy hath left me in the wilderness,
To journey on without the blessed light
In his deep loving eyes—he's gone !—he's gone !

[*Her husband enters.*]

HUSBAND. Agnes, my Agnes ! hast thou looked
thy last

On our sweet slumberer's face ? the hour is come—
The couch made ready for his last repose.

AGNES. Not yet ! thou canst not take him from
me yet !

If he but left me for a few short days,
This were too brief a gazing time, to draw
His angel image into my fond heart,
And fix its beauty there. And now—oh ! *now*
Never again the laughter of his eye
Shall send its gladd'ning summer through my soul—
Never on earth again. Yet, yet delay !
Thou canst not take him from me.

HUSBAND. My beloved !
Is it not God hath taken him ? the God
That took our first-born, o'er whose early grave
Thou didst bow down thy saint-like head, and say,
“ His will be done ! ”

AGNES. Oh ! that near household grave,
Under the turf of England, seemed not half,

Not half so much to part me from my child
As these dark woods. It lay beside our home,
And I could watch the sunshine, through all hours,
Loving and clinging to the grassy spot ;
And I could dress its greensward with fresh flowers—
Familiar meadow-flowers. O'er *thee*, my babe,
The primrose will not blossom ! Oh ! that now,
Together, by thy fair young sister's side,
We lay 'midst England's valleys !

HUSBAND. Dost thou grieve,
Agnes ! that thou hast followed o'er the deep
An exile's fortunes ? If it *thus* can be,
Then, after many a conflict cheerily met,
My spirit sinks at last.

AGNES. Forgive, forgive !
My Edmund, pardon me ! Oh ! grief is wild—
Forget its words, quick spray-drops from a fount
Of unknown bitterness ! Thou art my home !
My only and my blessed one ! Where'er
Thy warm heart beats in its true nobleness,
There is my country ! *there* my head shall rest,
And throb no more. Oh ! still, by thy strong love,
Bear up the feeble reed !

[*Kneeling with the child in her arms.*

And thou, my God !
Hear my soul's cry from this dread wilderness—
Oh ! hear, and pardon me ! If I have made
This treasure, sent from thee, too much the ark

If nature hath rebelled,
And from thy light turned wilfully away,
Making a midnight of her agony,
When the despairing passion of her clasp
Was from its idol stricken at one touch
Of thine Almighty hand—oh, pardon me !
By thy Son's anguish, pardon ! In the soul,
The tempests and the waves will know thy voice—
Father, say " Peace, be still !"

Of yon dark cypress reddens in the sun
To burning gold?—there—o'er yon willow tuft?

To burning gold?—there—o'er yon willow tuft?

Under that native desert monument
Lies his lone bed. Our Hubert, since the dawn,
With the grey mosses of the wilderness
Hath lined it closely through; and there breathed
forth,

E'en from the fulness of his own pure heart,
A wild, sad forest hymn—a song of tears,
Which thou wilt learn to love. I heard the boy
Chanting it o'er his solitary task,
As wails a wood-bird to the thrilling leaves,
Perchance unconsciously.

AGNES.

My gentle son !

Th' affectionate, the gifted !—With what joy—
Edmund, rememberest thou—with what bright joy
His baby brother ever to his arms
Would spring from rosy sleep, and playfully
Hide the rich clusters of his gleaming hair
In that kind youthful breast !—Oh ! now no more—
But strengthen me, my God ! and melt my heart
Even to a well-spring of adoring tears,
For many a blessing left.

[*Bending over the child.*] Once more farewell !
Oh ! the pale, piercing sweetness of that look !
How can it be sustained ? Away, away !

[After a short pause :

Edmund, my woman's nature still is weak—
I cannot see thee render dust to dust !
Go thou, my husband, to thy solemn task ;

I will rest here and still my soul with prayer
Till thy return.

HUSBAND. Then strength be with thy prayer!
Peace on thy bosom! Faith and heavenly hope
Unto thy spirit! Fare thee well awhile!
We must be pilgrims of the woods again,
After this mournful hour.

*[He goes out with the child. Agnes kneels
in prayer. After a time, voices without
are heard singing]*

THE FUNERAL HYMN.

Where the long reeds quiver,
Where the pines make moan,
By the forest river,
Sleeps our babe alone.
England's field-flowers may not deck his grave,
Cyprus shadows o'er him darkly wave.

Woods unknown receive him,
'Midst the mighty wild;
Yet with God we leave him,
Blessed, blessed child!
And our tears gush o'er his lonely dust,
Mournfully, yet still from hearts of trust.

Though his eye hath brightened
Oft our weary way,

And his clear laugh lightened
Half our hearts' dismay ;
Still in hope we give back what was given,
Yielding up the beautiful to heaven.

And to her who bore him,
Her who long must weep,
Yet shall heaven restore him
From his pale sweet sleep !
Those blue eyes of love and peace again
Through her soul will shine, undimmed by pain.

Where the long reeds quiver,
Where the pines make moan,
Leave me by the river,
Earth to earth alone !
God and Father ! may our journeyings on
Lead to where the blessed boy is gone.

From the exile's sorrow,
From the wanderer's dread
Of the night and morrow,
Early, brightly fled ;
Thou hast called him to a sweeter home,
Than our lost one o'er the ocean's foam.

Now let thought behold him
With his angel look,

Where those arms enfold him,
Which benignly took
Israel's babes to their good Shepherd's breast,
When his voice their tender meekness blest.

Turn thee now, fond mother !
From thy dead, oh, turn !
Linger not, young brother,
Here to dream and mourn :
Only kneel once more around the sod,
Kneel and bow submissive hearts to God !

FROM "PROMETHEUS UNBOUND."

S H E L L E Y.

[EXTRACT.]

. Within the orb itself,
Pillowed upon its alabaster arms,
Like to a child o'erwearied with sweet toil,
On its own folded wings and wavy hair,
The spirit of the Earth is laid asleep,
And you can see its little lips are moving,
Amid the changing light of their own smiles,
Like one who talks of what he loves in dreams.

TO LAURA, TWO YEARS OF AGE.

N. P. WILLIS.

BRIGHT be the skies that cover thee,
Child of the sunny brow—
Bright as the dream flung over thee
By all that meets thee now.
Thy heart is beating joyously,
Thy voice is like a bird's,
And sweetly breaks the melody
Of thy imperfect words.
I know no fount that gushes out
As gladly as thy tiny shout.

I would that thou mightst ever be
As beautiful as now,
That Time might ever leave as free
Thy yet unwritten brow,—
I would life were "all poetry,"
To gentle measure set,
That nought but chastened melody
Might stain thine eye of jet—

Nor one discordant note be spoken,
Till God the cunning harp hath broken.

I would, but deeper things than these
 With woman's lot are wove,
Wrought of intenser sympathies,
 And nerved by purer love.
By the strong spirit's discipline,
 By the fierce wrong forgiven,
By all that wrings the heart of sin,
 Is woman won to heaven.
"Her lot is on thee," lovely child—
God keep thy spirit undefiled !

I fear thy gentle loveliness,
 Thy witching tone and air ;
Thine eyes' beseeching earnestness
 May be to thee a snare.
The silver stars may purely shine,
 The waters taintless flow—
But they who kneel at woman's shrine
 Breathe on it as they bow—
Ye may fling back the gift again,
But the crushed flower will leave a stain.

What shall preserve thee, beautiful child !
 Keep thee as thou art now ?

Bring thee a spirit undefiled,
At God's pure throne to bow ?
The world is but a broken reed,
And life grows early dim :
Who shall be near thee in thy need,
To lead thee up to Him ?
He who himself was " undefiled,"
With Him we trust thee, beautiful child !

TRAVELLER'S EVENING SONG.

MRS. HEMANS.

[EXTRACT.]

IN his distant cradle-nest,
Now my babe is laid to rest ;
Beautiful his slumber seems,
With a glow of heavenly dreams ;
Beautiful, o'er that bright sleep,
Hang soft eyes of fondness deep,
Where his mother bends to pray
For the loved and far away.—
Father, guard that household bower,
Hear that prayer !
Back, through thine all-guarding power,
Lead me there !

BAPTISM.

MISS ROSCOE.

THE mother stands in the sacred isle,
And looks on her child with a trembling smile ;
That smile is mingled with many a fear ;
And scarce can she check a rising tear ;
In a world which is full of care and strife,
Do her dreams now picture his future life.

She has brought her babe—she has brought it there
Where so oft for him she has breathed a prayer ;
She has brought him—an offering to her God,
On the spot where her own fond steps have trod ;
And that early love is mingling now
With a Christian's hope on her kindling brow.

She turns her gaze to that helpless one,
Upon her for love and protection thrown ;
And its feebleness causes the tear to start,
And she presses him closer to her heart ;
And to the font she draws nearer still,
As a pledge she will shield him from every ill.

The holy words on the air arise,
And hushed are that mother's anxious sighs ;
Her thoughts are filled with a deeper faith
As she turns to hear what the preacher saith ;
And every doubt has vanished away,
As in fervent trust she kneels down to pray.

Her child and its fate—oh, what does it seem
Now, in that holier and sweeter dream ?
What loftier destinies are given—
That feeble thing is the heir of heaven ;
And a mind with powers and talents sublime
Is given to her training, for more than time.

Oh ! as she hears of immortal doom,
How changes upon her cheek the bloom !
How earnest the prayer to Him who gave,
For aid to help her, to succour, and save !
What a sacred trust she feels is hers,
What a deathless hope in her bosom stirs !

It is over—her pledge is borne above,
And her lips have sealed that rite of love ;
Her tears have attested her heart's deep vow,
And smiles of affection are round her now.
She has promised to give him a Christian's trust,
She has raised her thoughts from the things of dust.

It is over—but many and many a year
May return to that mother's breast the fear ;
And as to the altar she now has turned,
Till the holier faith in her bosom burned,
So, through every mortal change and care,
Must her strength, her comfort, her peace be *prayer*.

LINES TO THE MEMORY OF H. F.,

WHO DIED AGED EIGHT YEARS.

M. R.

A MORNING dewdrop filled a daisy's cup
And fairer made the place of its repose ;
But long ere noon the daisy drooped and died,
The dewdrop to the skies on sunbeams rose.

So did the virtues of this little child,
Make her in outward form appear more fair ;
So when her tender frame returned to dust,
Her spirit went to dwell in heavenly air !

CHILDHOOD.

MISS WILLIAMS.

How beautiful is childhood !—a new world
 Is opening to the quick, delighted eye ;
 The heavens appear as a gemmed scroll unfurled
 Before the throne of present Deity ;
 And every tone, of stream, or bee, or bird
 As a new thrilling voice of melody is heard.

Its trust is calm as summer moonlit sea ;
 Its feelings gushing forth like mountain rill,
 Fresh as its own young life, as nature free,
 Yet tending in their own excess to ill,
 And bounding onward, strengthening in their course,
 Ask kindest care to guide, yet not turn back their
 force.

Who knoweth not how soon the feeble child
 Will try its new-found powers with ready zeal,
 Happy if by its efforts is beguiled
 The sorrow it has scarcely learnt to feel ;
 How will the joyous one its laugh restrain,
 To smooth with its small hands the couch of care or
 pain !

How many a blight must such endure erewhile
Their glowing sensibilities are quelled ;
How scan the world's dull caution and its guile,
Before the angel can be quite expelled ;
How shrink beneath the frown of hate and scorn,
Ere from a source so pure, hatred and wrong are
born !

The work of education, hour by hour,
Around the expanding spirit presses on,
Goads it to doubt all love, and loathe all power,
E'en His who fashioned all it looks upon ;
Or makes its life an everlasting hymn
Of gratitude, and love, and welcome praise to Him.

Childhood, I love thee !—love thee for their sake
Whom I have known in thy bright joyous
tide ;
Thou hast their voice, thou their forms dost take ;
Thou still art prone to love and to confide ;
Thou bringest me sweet pictures of the past,
And with thy fairy hand a spell doth round me cast.

Childhood, I love thee !—for the hidden store
Of passion, thoughts, reflections, energies,
Lofty imaginations, and yet more
Of pure devotion, true philanthropy,
Which wait development, though yet bound up,
As the majestic oak, in the small acorn's cup.

Childhood, I love thee! for His sake who brought
Glad tidings from the very fount of love,
And in thy trustfulness an emblem sought
To image that His spirit would approve;
Thus making thee a blessed link between
Man's scathed and erring heart, and the bright world
unseen.

O bud of promise! beautiful estate,—
Humanity undimmed and undefiled!
If I were called to name the truly great,
Should I like Jesus clasp a little child?
What do earth's elder-born ones owe to thee,
Who waitest at their hands so much thy destiny!

O world! thou stern instructor, what wilt thou
Make of the bounding heart, the unfolding
mind?
Must thy cold policy the spirit bow—
The living temple be to thee consigned?
Will not thy votaries pause, ere they deface
The image of their God, in this its dwelling-place?

TO ———,

FIVE YEARS OLD.

R. M. MILNES.

DELIGHTED soul ! that in thy new abode
Dwellest contentedly, and knowest not
What men can mean who faint beneath the load
Of mortal life and mourn an earthly lot ;

Who would believe thou wert so far from home ?
Who could suppose thee exiled or astray ?
This world of twilight whither thou art come,
Seems just as welcome as thy native day.

That comely form, wherein thy thoughts are pent,
Hiding its rebel nature, serves thee still,
A pliable and pleasant instrument,
Harmonious to thy impulses and will.

Thou hast not spent as yet thy little store
Of happy instincts : thou canst still beguile
Painful reflection and ungrateful lore
With many a placid dream and causeless smile.

And when the awful stranger Evil bends
His eye upon thee, thou wilt first essay
To turn him from his dark pursuits and ends
By gracious dalliance and familiar play :

As well might kindly words arrest the roll
Of billows raging o'er a wintry sea :—
O Providence ! remit to this one soul
Its destined years, and take it back to Thee.

THE DAY OF FLOWERS.

MRS. HEMANS.

[EXTRACT.]

. How full of life,
The life of song, and breezes, and free wings,
Is all the murmuring shade ! and thine, O *thine* !
Of all the brightest and the happiest here,
My blessed child ! *my* gift of God ! that makest
My heart o'erflow with summer !”

TO A FRIEND

*Who asked how I felt when the Nurse first presented my Infant
to me.*

S. T. COLERIDGE.

CHARLES ! my slow heart was only sad, when first
I scann'd that face of feeble infancy :
For dimly on my thoughtful spirit burst
All I had been, and all my babe might be !
But when I saw it on its mother's arm,
And hanging at her bosom, (she the while
Bent o'er its features with a tearful smile,)
Then I was thrilled and melted, and most warm
Impress'd a father's kiss : and all beguiled
Of dark remembrance, and presageful fear,
I seemed to see an angel's form appear—
'T was even thine, beloved woman mild !
So for the mother's sake the child was dear,
And dearer was the mother for the child.

TO MY GODCHILD ON THE DAY OF
HIS BAPTISM.

RICHARD CHEVENIX FRENCH,
CURATE OF CURDRIDGE CHAPEL.

No harsh transitions nature knows,
No dreary spaces intervene ;
Her work in silence forward goes,
And rather felt than seen.

For where the watcher, that with eye
Turned eastward, yet could ever say
When the faint glooming in the sky
First lightened into day ?

Or maiden by an opening flower,
That many a summer morn has stood,
Could fix upon the very hour
It ceased to be a bud ?

The rainbow colours mix and blend
Each with the other, until none
Can tell where fainter hues had end,
And deeper tints begun.

But only doth this much appear,
That the pale hues are deeper grown ;
The day has broken bright and clear,
The bud is fully blown.

Dear child, and happy shalt thou be
If from this hour, with just increase,
All good things shall grow up in thee,
By such unmarked degrees.

If there shall be no dreary space
Between thy present self and past,
No dreary miserable place,
With spectral shapes aghast.

But the full graces of thy prime
Shall in their weak beginnings, be
Lost in an unremembered time
Of holy infancy.

This blessing is the first and best ;
Yet has not prayer been made in vain
For them, though not so amply blest,
The lost and found again.

And shouldest thou, alas ! forbear
To choose the better, nobler lot,
Yet may we not esteem our prayer
Unheard or heeded not.

If after many a wandering,
And many a devious pathway trod,
If having known that bitter thing,
To leave the Lord thy God,

It yet shall be, that thou at last,
Although thy noon be lost, return
To bind life's eye in union fast
To this, its blessed morn.

ON OUR FIRST SON.

BEN JONSON.

FAREWELL! thou child of my right hand and joy,
My sin was too much hope of thee, loved boy.
Seven years were lent to me, and I thee pay,
Exacted by thy fate on the just day.
O, could I lose all father, now! For why
Will man lament the state he should envy?
To have so soon 'scaped world's and flesh's rage,
And if no other misery, yet age—
Rest in soft peace! and, asked, say here doth lie
Ben Jonson his best piece of poesy.
For whose sake, henceforth, all his vows be such,
As what he loves may never like too much.

ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

MRS. JEVONS.

O LAY her gently on her infant bier,
And shed fond tears, and weave a funeral wreath
Of the pale roses of the wintry year,
Less lovely than the flower that fades beneath.
Yet do not weep in anguish! Let no breath
Disturb the stillness of her blissful sleep;
So beautiful! we will not call it death;
But round her couch our silent vigils keep.
Image of peace and innocence and love!
We would not murmur at thy deep repose,
Or call thee ours, the ills of life to prove,
And taste the bitterness of mortal woes.
Oh, blest! to feel thy guiltless race is run—
Thy fadeless crown without the strife is won.

TO MY SON.

GRAHAME.

TWICE has the sun commenced his annual round,
 Since first thy footsteps tottered o'er the ground,
 Since first thy tongue was tuned to bless mine ear,
 By faltering out the name to fathers dear.
 O ! nature's language, with her looks combined,
 More precious far than periods thrice refined !
 O ! sportive looks of love, devoid of guile,
 I prize you more than beauty's magic smile ;
 Yes, in that face, unconscious of its charm,
 I gaze with bliss, unmingled with alarm.
 Ah, no ! full oft a boding horror flies
 Athwart my fancy, uttering fateful cries.
 Almighty Power ! his harmless life defend,
 And if we part, 'gainst me the mandate send.
 And yet a wish will rise,—would I might live,
 Till added years his memory firmness give.
 For O ! it would a joy in death impart,
 To think I still survived within his heart :
 To think he'll cast, midway the vale of years,
 A retrospective look, bedimmed with tears ;

And tell, regretful, how I looked and spoke ;
What walks I loved ; where grew my favourite oak ;
How gently I would lead him by the hand ;
How gently use the accent of command ;
What lore I taught him, roaming wood and wild,
And how the man descended to the child ;
How well I loved with him, on Sabbath morn,
To hear the anthem of the vocal thorn ;
To teach religion, unallied to strife,
And trace to him the way, the truth, the life.
But far and farther still my view I bend,—
And now I see a child thy steps attend ;—
To yonder churchyard-wall thou tak'st thy way,
While round thee, pleased, thou see'st the infant play ;
Then lifting him, while tears suffuse thine eyes,
Pointing, thou tell'st him, "*There thy grandsire
lies !*"

ON A PICTURE OF A SLEEPING CHILD.

BERNARD BARTON.

How beautiful is sleep !
 The peasant boy who, folded in his plaid,
 Kept watch beside his sheep,
 Seems lovelier in its silent beauty clad.

The warrior in his tent,
 From fancied glory by its spell beguiled,
 Looks calmly innocent,
 As when he was a happy gentle child.

The brow of hoary age,
 Pain's pallid cheek, and sorrow's sunken eye,
 E'en the curled lip of rage,
 Confess by turn its magic mastery.

But softest falls its dew
 On childhood's brow and cheek ; whether they wear
 The rose's healthier hue,
 Or early sickness plant the lily there.

How beautiful is sleep !
Yet if its purest beauties thou wouldst feel,
On the babe's slumber creep,
And bid thy heart confess its mute appeal.

Or to this picture turn
But for a moment thy attentive eye ;
And let thy spirit learn
The pleading charm of slumbering infancy.

In breathless silence stand,
As by the timid turtle's downy nest ;
See, on its tiny hand
Its little cheek in placid stillness prest !

Mark what a helpless charm
Is shed o'er every feature, every limb !
Behold that lovely arm ;
That smiling mouth :—and if those eyes be dim,

Quenching their brighter flashes
Beneath those veiny lids ! a softer spell
Upon their silken lashes
In quiet innocence appears to dwell.

Yet sleep is awful, too,
So like to death's its features it can dress ;—
Meek slumberer ! while I view
Thine own, I deeply feel its awfulness.

But unappalling seems
Even the awfulness of sleep like thine,
As fraught with heavenly dreams,
And images less earthly than divine !

Or dost thou now partake
That dreamless trance, in love and mercy given,
With sweet surprise to wake
A bright and blissful denizen of heaven.

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

JANE TAYLOR.

With what unknown delight the mother smiled,
When this frail treasure in her arms she pressed !
Her prayer was heard—she clasped a living child,—
But how the gift transcends the poor request !
A child was all she asked, with many a vow :
Mother—behold the child an angel now !

Now in her Father's house she finds a place ;
Or if to earth she take a transient flight,
'Tis to fulfil the purpose of his grace,
To guide thy footsteps to the world of light—
A ministering spirit sent to thee,
That where she is, there thou mayst also be.

LITTLE LEONARD'S LAST "GOOD-NIGHT."

"GOOD-NIGHT! good-night! I go to sleep,"
 Murmured the little child ;—
 And, oh, the ray of heaven that broke
 On the sweet lips that faintly spoke
 That soft "Good-night!" and smiled.

That angel smile! that loving look
 From the dim closing eyes!
 The peace of that pure brow! but there—
 Aye—on that brow, so young, so fair!
 An awful shadow lies.

The gloom of evening—of the boughs
 That o'er yon window wave—
 Nay, nay—within these silent walls,
 A deeper, darker shadow falls,
 The twilight of the grave.

The twilight of the grave—for still
 Fast comes the fluttering breath—

One fading smile, *one* look of love,
A murmur, as from brooding dove—
"Good-night!"—And this is death!

Oh, who hath called thee "terrible!"
Mild angel! most benign!
Could mother's fondest lullaby
Have laid to rest more blissfully
That sleeping babe, than thine!

Yet *this is death*—the doom for all
Of Adam's race decreed—
"But this poor lamb—this little one!—
What had the guiltless creature done?"
Unhappy heart! take heed;

Though He is merciful as just
Who hears that fond appeal—
He will not break the bruised reed,
He will not search the wounds that bleed—
He only wounds to heal.

"Let little children come to me,"
He cried, and to his breast
Folded them tenderly—to-day
He calls thine unshorn lamb away
To that securest rest!

Blackwood, 1833.

HUMAN LIFE.

ROGERS.

[EXTRACT.]

NOR many moons o'er hill and valley rise
Ere to the gate with nymph-like step she flies,
And their first-born holds forth, their darling boy,
With smiles how sweet, how full of love and joy,
To meet him coming ; theirs through every year
Pure transports, such as each to each endear !
And laughing eyes and laughing voices fill
Their halls with gladness. She, when all are still,
Comes and undraws the curtain as they lie,
In sleep, how beautiful !—he, when the sky
Gleams, and the wood sends up its harmony,
When gathering round his bed, they climb to share
His kisses, and with gentle violence there
Break in upon a dream not half so fair,
Up to the hill-top leads their little feet ;
Or by the forest-lodge, perchance to meet
The stag-herd on its march ; perchance to hear
The otter rustling in the sedgy mere ;
Or to the echo near the Abbot's tree
That gave him back his words of pleasantry—

When the house stood, no merrier man than he !
And as they wander with a keen delight,
If but a leveret catch their quicker sight
Down a green alley, or a squirrel then
Climb the gnarled oak, and look and climb again,
If but a moth flit by, an acorn fall,
He turns their thoughts to Him who made them all ;
These with unequal footsteps following fast,
These clinging by his cloak, unwilling to be last.

T he shepherd on Tornaro's misty brow,
And the swart seaman, sailing far below,
Not undelighted watch the morning ray
Purpling the orient—till it breaks away,
And burns and blazes into glorious day !
But happier still is he who bends to trace
That sun, the soul, just dawning in the face ;
The burst, the glow, the animating strife,
The thoughts and passions stirring into life ;
The forming utterance, the inquiring glance,
The giant waking from his tenfold trance,
Till up he starts as conscious whence he came,
And all is light within the trembling frame !

PLEASURES OF HOPE.

CAMPBELL.

[EXTRACT.]

Lo at the couch where infant beauty sleeps,
 Her silent watch the mournful mother keeps ;
 She, while the lovely babe unconscious lies,
 Smiles on her slumb'ring child with pensive eyes,
 And weaves a song of melancholy joy—

“ Sleep, image of thy father, sleep, my boy :
 No ling'ring hour of sorrow shall be thine ;
 No sigh that rends thy father's heart and mine ;
 Bright as his manly sire, the son shall be
 In form and soul ; but, ah ! more blest than he !
 Thy fame, thy worth, thy filial love, at last,
 Shall soothe this aching heart for all the past—
 With many a smile my solitude repay,
 And chase the world's ungenerous scorn away.

“ And say, when summoned from the world and
 thee,
 I lay my head beneath the willow-tree,
 Wilt *thou*, sweet mourner ! at my stone appear
 And soothe my parting spirit ling'ring near ?

Oh ! wilt thou come, at evening hour, to shed
The tears of memory o'er my narrow bed ?
With aching temples on thy hand reclined,
Muse on the last farewell I leave behind,
Breathe a deep sigh to winds that murmur low,
And think on all my love, and all my woe ?”

So speaks affection, ere the infant eye
Can look regard, or brighten in reply :
But when the cherub lip hath learned to claim
A mother's ear by that endearing name ;
Soon as the playful innocent can prove
A tear of pity, or a smile of love,
Or cons his murmuring task beneath her care,
Or lisps with holy look his evening prayer,
Or gazing, mutely pensive, sits to hear
The mournful ballad warbled in his ear ;
How fondly looks admiring Hope the while,
At every artless tear and every smile !
How glows the joyous parent to descry
A guileless bosom, true to sympathy !

HAGAR IN THE WILDERNESS.

N. P. WILLIS.

THE morning broke. Light stole upon the clouds
With a strange beauty. Earth received again
Its garment of a thousand dyes ; and leaves,
And delicate blossoms, and the painted flowers,
And everything that bendeth to the dew,
And stirreth with the daylight, lifted up
Its beauty to the breath of that sweet morn.

All things are dark to sorrow ; and the light,
And loveliness, and fragrant air were sad
To the dejected Hagar. The moist earth
Was pouring odours from its spicy pores,
And the young birds were carolling as life
Were a new thing to them ; but, oh ! it came
Upon her heart like discord, and she felt
How cruelly it tries a broken heart,
To see a mirth in anything it loves.
She stood at Abraham's tent. Her lips were pressed

Till the blood left them ; and the wandering veins
Of her transparent forehead were swelled out,
As if her pride would burst them. Her dark eye
Was clear and tearless, and the light of heaven,
Which made its language legible, shot back
From her long lashes, as it had been flame.
Her noble boy stood by her, with his hand
Clasped in her own, and his round delicate feet,
Scarce trained to balance on the tented floor,
Sandalled for journeying. He had looked up
Into his mother's face until he caught
The spirit there, and his young heart was swelling
Beneath his snowy bosom, and his form
Straightened up proudly in his tiny wrath,
As if his light proportions would have swelled,
Had they but matched his spirit, to the man.

Why bends the patriarch, as he cometh now,
Upon his staff so wearily ? His beard
Is low upon his breast, and his high brow,
So written with the converse of his God,
Beareth the swollen vein of agony.
His lip is quivering, and his wonted step
Of vigour is not there ; and, though the morn
Is passing fair and beautiful, he breathes
Its freshness as it were a pestilence.
Oh ! man may bear with suffering : his heart
Is a strong thing, and godlike in the grasp

Of pain that wrings mortality : but tear
One chord affection clings to, part one tie
That binds him to a woman's delicate love,
And his great spirit yieldeth like a reed.

He gave to her the water and the bread,
But spoke no word, and trusted not himself
To look upon her face, but laid his hand
In silent blessing on the fair-haired boy,
And left her to her lot of loneliness.

Should Hagar weep ? May slighted woman turn,
And, as a vine the oak hath shaken off,
Bend lightly to her tendencies again ?
O no ! by all her loveliness, by all
That makes life poetry and beauty, no !
Make her a slave ; steal from her rosy cheek
By needless jealousies : let the last star
Leave her a watcher by your couch of pain ;
Wrong her by petulance, suspicion, all
That makes her cup a bitterness—yet give
One evidence of love, and earth has not
An emblem of devotedness like hers.
But, oh ! estrange her once, it boots not how,
By wrong or silence, anything that tells
A change has come upon your tenderness,—
And there is not a high thing out of heaven
Her pride o'ermastereth not.

She went her way with a strong step and slow ;
Her pressed lip arched, and her clear eye undimmed
As it had been a diamond, and her form
Borne proudly up, as if her heart breathed through.
Her child kept on in silence, though she pressed
His hand till it was pained ; for he had caught,
As I have said, her spirit, and the seed
Of a stern nation had been breathed upon.

The morning past, and Asia's sun rose up
In the clear heaven, and every beam was heat.
The cattle of the hills were in the shade,
And the bright plumage of the orient lay
On beating bosoms in her spicy trees.
It was an hour of rest ; but Hagar found
No shelter in the wilderness, and on
She kept her weary way, until the boy
Hung down his head, and opened his parched lips
For water ; but she could not give it him.
She laid him down beneath the sultry sky,—
For it was better than the close hot breath
Of the thick pines,—and tried to comfort him ;
But he was sore athirst, and his blue eyes
Were dim and bloodshot, and he could not know
Why God denied him water in the wild.
She sat a little longer, and he grew
Ghastly and faint, as if he would have died.
It was too much for her. She lifted him
And bore him farther on, and laid his head

Beneath the shadow of a desert shrub ;
And, shrouding up her face, she went away,
And sat to watch, where he could see her not,
Till he should die ; and, watching him, she mourned :

“ God stay thee in thine agony, my boy ;
I cannot see thee die ; I cannot brook
 Upon thy brow to look,
And see death settle on my cradle-joy.
How have I drunk the light of thy blue eye !
 And could I see thee die ?

“ I did not dream of this when thou wast straying,
Like an unbound gazelle, among the flowers ;
 Or wearing rosy hours,
By the rich gush of water-sources playing,
Then sinking weary to thy smiling sleep,
 So beautiful and deep.

“ Oh no ! and when I watched by thee the while,
And saw thy bright lip curling in thy dream,
 And thought of the dark stream
In my own land of Egypt, the deep Nile,
How prayed I that my father's land might be
 An heritage for thee !

“ And now the grave for its cold breast hath won thee,
And thy white delicate limbs the earth will press :
 And oh ! my last caress

Must feel thee cold, for a chill hand is on thee.
How can I leave my boy, so pillowed there
Upon his clustering hair !

She stood beside the well her God had given
To gush in that deep wilderness, and bathed
The forehead of her child until he laughed
In his reviving happiness, and lisped
His infant thought of gladness at the sight,
Of the cool plashing of his mother's hand.

"THE HEARTH," AN UNFINISHED POEM.

[EXTRACT.]

WILSON.

AND lo ! an infant shows his gladsome face !
His beautiful and shining golden head
Lies on his mother's bosom like a rose
Fallen on a liliated bank. A dewy light
Meets the soft smiling of his upward eye,
As in the playful restlessness of joy
He clings around her neck, and fondly strives
To reach the kisses mantling from her soul.
—And now the baby in his cradle sleeps,
Hushed by his mother's prayer ! How soft her tread
Falls, like a snowflake, on the noiseless floor !

THE THREE SONS.

MOULTRIE.

I HAVE a son, a little son, a boy just five years old,
With eyes of thoughtful earnestness, and mind of
gentle mould.

They tell me that unusual grace in all his ways
appears,

That my child is grave, and wise of heart beyond
his childish years.

I cannot say how this may be, I know his face is
fair,

And yet his chiefest comeliness is his sweet and
serious air :

I know his heart is kind and fond, I know he loveth
me,

But loveth yet his mother more, with grateful fer-
vency :

But that which others most admire, is the thought
which fills his mind,

The food for grave inquiring speech he everywhere
doth find.

Strange questions doth he ask of me, when we together walk ;
He scarcely thinks as children think, or talks as children talk.
Nor cares he much for childish sports, dotes not on bat or ball,
But looks on manhood's ways and works, and aptly mimics all.
His little heart is busy still, and oftentimes perplex
With thoughts about this world of ours, and thoughts about the next.
He kneels at his dear mother's knee, she teacheth him to pray,
And strange, and sweet, and solemn then are the words which he will say.
Oh, should my child be spared to manhood's years like me,
A holier and a wiser man I trust that he will be :
And when I look into his eyes, and stroke his thoughtful brow,
I dare not think what I should feel were I to lose him now.

I have a son, a second son, a simple child of three ;
I'll not declare how bright and fair his little features be,

How silver sweet those tones of his when he prattles
on my knee :

I do not think his light blue eye is like his brother's
keen,

Nor his brow so full of childish thought as his hath
ever been ;

But his little heart's a fountain pure of kind and
tender feeling,

And his every look's a gleam of light, rich depths of
love revealing.

When he walks with me, the country folk, who pass
us in the street,

Will shout for joy and bless my boy, he looks so
mild and sweet.

A playfellow is he to all, and yet with cheerful tone
Will sing his little song of love, when left to sport
alone.

His presence is like sunshine sent to gladden home
and hearth,

To comfort us in all our griefs, and sweeten all our
mirth.

Should *he* grow up to riper years, God grant his
heart may prove

As sweet a home for heavenly grace as now for
earthly love :

And if beside his grave, the tears our aching eyes
must dim,

God comfort us for all the love which we shall lose
in him.

I have a son, a third sweet son ; his age I cannot
tell,

For they reckon not by years and months where he
is gone to dwell.

To us, for fourteen anxious months, his infant smiles
were given,

And then he bade farewell to earth, and went to live
in heaven.

I cannot tell what form is his, what looks he weareth
now,

Nor guess how bright a glory crowns his shining
seraph brow.

The thoughts that fill his sinless soul, the bliss which
he doth feel,

Are numbered with the secret things, which God
doth not reveal.

But I know (for God hath told me this) that he is
now at rest,

Where other blessed infants be, on their Saviour's
loving breast.

I know his spirit feels no more this weary load of
flesh,

But his sleep is blessed with endless dreams of joy
for ever fresh.

I know the angels fold him close beneath their glit-
tering wings,

And soothe him with a song that breathes of heaven's
divinest things.

I know that we shall meet our babe (his mother dear
and I)

Where God for aye shall wipe away all tears from
every eye.

Whate'er befalls his brethren twain, *his* bliss can
never cease ;

Their lot may here be grief and fear, but his is cer-
tain peace.

It may be that the tempter's wiles their souls from
bliss may sever,

But, if our own poor faith fail not, *he* must be ours
for ever.

When we think of what our darling is, and what we
still must be :

When we muse on *that* world's perfect bliss, and *this*
world's misery ;

When we groan beneath this load of sin, and feel
this grief and pain,

Oh ! we'd rather lose our other two than have him
here again.

THE BARD OF ETTRICK AND HIS
DAUGHTER.

HOGG.

COME to my arms, my dear wee pet !
 My gleesome, gentle Harriet !
 The sweetest babe thou art to me
 That ever sat on parent's knee ;
 Thy every feature is so cheering,
 And every motion so endearing.
 Thou hast that eye was mine erewhile,
 Thy mother's blithe and grateful smile,
 And such a playful merry mien,
 That care flies off whene'er thou 'rt seen.
 Child of my age and dearest love !
 As precious gift from God above,
 I take thy pure and gentle frame,
 And tiny mind of mountain flame ;
 And hope that through life's chequered glade,
 That weary path which all must tread,—
 Some credit from my name will flow
 To the old bard that loved thee so.
 At least thou shalt not want thy meed,—
 His blessing on thy beauteous head,

And prayers to Him whose sacred breath
Lightened the shades of life and death—
Who said with sweet benignity,
“ Let little children come to me !”

’T is very strange, my little dove,
That all I ever loved or love,
In wondrous vision still I trace,
While gazing on thy guiltless face ;
Thy very name brings to my mind
One whose high birth and soul refined
Withheld her not from naming me,
E’en in life’s last extremity.
Sweet babe ! thou art memorial dear
Of all I honour and revere !

Crow on, sweet child ! thy wild delight
Is moved by visions heavenly bright :
What wealth from nature mayst thou gain,
With promptings high to heart and brain !
But hope is all—though yet improved,
Thou art a shepherd’s best beloved :
And now above thy brow so fair,
And flowing films of flaxen hair,
I lay my hand once more, and frame
A blessing in the holy name
Of that supreme Divinity
Who breathed a living soul in thee !

THE SISTER'S GRAVE.

BY A YOUNG LADY.

I HAD a little sister once,
And she was wondrous fair ;
Like twined links of the yellow gold
Was the waving of her hair.

Her face was like a day in June,
When all is sweet and still,
And the shadows of the summer clouds
Creep softly o'er the hill.

O my sister's voice—I hear it yet,
It comes upon mine ear,
Like the singing of a joyous bird,
When the summer months are near.

Sometimes the notes would rise at eve,
So fairy-like and wild,
My mother thought a spirit sang,
And not the gentle child.

But then we heard the little feet
Come dancing to the door,
And met the gaze of brighter eyes
Than ever spirit wore.

And she would enter full of glee,
Her long fair tresses bound
With a garland of the simple flowers,
By mountain streamlets found.

She never bore the garden's pride,
The red rose, on her breast ;
Our own sweet wild-flower ever loved
The other wild-flowers best.

Like them she seemed to cause no toil,
To give no pain or care,
But to bask and bloom on a lonely spot
In the warm and sunny air.

And, oh ! like them as they come in spring,
And with summer's fate decay,
She passed with the sun's last parting smile,
From life's rough path away.

And when she died, 'neath an old oak-tree
My sister's grave was made,
For when on earth she used to love
Its dark and pensive shade.

And every spring in that old tree
The song-birds build their nests,
And wild-flowers blow on the soft green turf
Where my dead sister rests.

And the children of our village say
That on my sister's tomb
The wild-flowers are the last that fade,
And the first that ever bloom.

There is no stone raised there to tell
My sister's name and age,
For that dear name in every heart
Is carved on memory's page.

We miss her in the hour of joy,
For when all hearts were light,
There was no step so gay as hers,
No eyes so glad and bright.

We miss her in the hour of woe,
For then she tried to cheer,
And the soothing words of the pious child
Could dry the mourner's tear.

Even when she erred we could not chide,
For though the fault was small,
She always mourned so much—and sued
For pardon from us all.

She was too pure for earthly love—
Strength to our hearts was given,
And we yielded her in her childhood's light,
To a brighter home in heaven.

A. G.

Blackwood's Magazine.

TO A CHILD ON HIS BIRTHDAY.

MRS. HEMANS.

WHERE sucks the bee now ?—Summer is flying,
Leaves on the grass-plot faded are lying ;
Violets are gone from the grassy dell,
With the cowslip-cups where the fairies dwell ;
The rose from the garden hath pass'd away—
Yet happy, fair boy, is thy natal day.

For love bids it welcome, the love which hath smiled
Ever around thee, my gentle child !
Watching thy footsteps, and guarding thy bed,
And pouring out joy on thy sunny head.
Roses may vanish, but this will stay—
Happy and bright is thy natal day.

ON THE DEATH OF TWIN CHILDREN.

MISS S. T. WILLIAMS.

WHERE are ye now, sweet pair ?
Vacant is now your place of cradled rest :
Ye slumber not upon a mother's breast,
Where is your home—oh ! where ?

How beautiful ye were,
With your meek, peaceful brows, and laughing eyes,
All eloquent of life's first energies,
And joy's bright fount, yet clear !

How blithely ye awoke
With each new day ! familiar forms were there
To meet your eager glance—kind voices near
In gentle accents spoke.

Ye seemed then to be,
As some pale flower, that to the morning's light
Bears its frail stem, and spreads its petals bright,
As if confidently.

And when at evening's close,
Those little hands, relaxing from the grasp,
That some dear object held, with loving clasp,
Ye sunk into repose.

Love made your slumber seem
As the closed flowers, o'er which the silent star
Keepeth its ceaseless vigil from afar,
And sheds its unfelt beam.

I looked upon you then
With thoughts almost of sorrow in my gaze,
As on a passing joy, which other days
Would make not mine again.

I feared some change might sweep
Through the untroubled breast, and leave its stain ;
Some unsuspected ill, some bitter pain,
Mar with sad dreams your sleep.

I know that change *has* past
O'er you, sweet, tender nurselings ! but I know
Your spirits now will never taste of woe,—
That change will be the last.

Ye are before me now,
As ye were wont to be—no beauty gone
those eyes, even when tearful, shone,
charm from that pure brow.

Too calm, too deeply still
Is that unchanging picture ; yet a part
Of the sweet visions of the past, my heart
Can make its own at will.

And thus ye are mine own,—
Mine own, to dwell upon, with quiet love ;
Thoughts the world cannot touch, nor time remove—
From me ye are not gone.

I ask not where are laid
Those faded forms—whether below the sod
Which busy feet have with indifference trod,
Or 'neath some kindly shade.

Where, on earth's tranquil breast,
The peace of the Eternal One hath smiled,
E'en as a mother o'er her cradled child,
There is your place of rest.

He who mankind shall wake,
Over his children's rest a watch doth keep,
And, with a voice that breathes of love, the sleeper
Of innocence will break.

Not in that simple tomb,
But in "our Father's house," where love shall
Abiding, even in its own sanctuary,
There is the infant's home.

TO A LITTLE GIRL DURING ILLNESS.

MISS ROSCOE.

SWEET child, that oft hast wound about my heart
Thy little spells of kindness, and so smiled
That even sorrow hath been half beguiled,
Till in thy young joys I have borne a part ;
O rich in promise, gentlest, loveliest, best,
Art thou too drooping ? yes, and I must tell
This sad heart not to cherish thee too well,
Or be in dreams of thy young future blest.
Alas ! alas ! those visions fade, yet Love !
For thee shall watch the fondest, tenderest care ;
For thee shall rise affection's daily prayer ;
And many an anxious sigh ascend above.
O thought of peace, and trust, He guards thy doom,
Who bade that eye first beam, that young cheek
bloom.

STANZAS.

From the Boston Christian Observer.

SCATTERED like flowers, the rosy children play ;
 Or round her chair a busy crowd they press ;
 But, at the father's coming, start away,
 With playful struggle for his loved caress,
 And jealous of the one he first may bless ;
 To each a welcoming word is fondly said ;
 He bends and kisses some ; lifts up the less ;
 Admires the little cheek so round and red,
 Or smoothes with tender hand, the curled and shining head.

Oh ! let us pause and gaze upon them now.
 Is there not one beloved and lovely boy !
 With mirth's bright seal upon his open brow,
 And sweet fond eyes, brimful of love and joy ?
 He, whom no measure of delight can cloy
 The daring, and the darling of the set ;
 He, who, though pleased with every pleasing toy,
 Thoughtless and buoyant to excess, could yet
 Never a gentle word or kindly deed forget.

And one, more fragile than the rest, for whom,
As for the weak bird in a crowded nest,
Are needed all the fostering care of home
And the soft comfort of the brooding breast ;
One who hath oft the couch of sickness prest !
On whom the mother looks, as it goes by,
With tenderness intense, and fear supprest,
While the soft patience of her anxious eye
Blends with " God's will be done,—God grant thou
mayst not die !"

And is there not the elder of the band !
She with the gentle smile and smooth bright hair,
Waiting, some paces back,—content to stand
Till these of love's caresses have their share ;
Knowing how soon his fond paternal care
Shall seek his violet in her shady nook,—
Patient she stands—demure, and brightly fair,
Copying the meekness of her mother's look,
And clasping in her hand the favourite story-book.

CHILDREN.

C. LLOYD.

OH ! to my sense, there is in childhood's kiss,
 And in its trust, that, in a world like this,
 Each that surrounds it is its genuine friend !

Their little pranks, the which with emphasis
 Speak of the heavens ! 'T is to condescend,
 From converse with a child, with aught on earth to
 blend.

In a child's voice—is there not melody ?

In a child's eye—is there not rapture seen ?
 And rapture not of passion's revelry ?

Calm, though impassioned ! durable though keen !
 It is all fresh, like the young spring's first green !
 Children seem spirits from above descended,

To whom still cleaves heaven's atmosphere serene ;
 Their very wildnesses with truth are blended :
 Fresh from their skyey mould, they cannot be amended.
 Warm and uncalculating, they're more wise—

More sense than ecstasy of theirs denotes—
 More of the stuff have they of paradise—

And more the music of the warbling throats
Of choirs whose anthem round the Eternal floats—
Than all that bards e'er feign, or tuneful skill
Has e'er struck forth from artificial notes :—
Theirs is that language, ignorant of ill,
Born from a perfect harmony of power and will.

WRITTEN ON THE SABBATH-DAY.

PROFESSOR WILSON.

WHEN by God's inward light, a happy child,
I walked in joy, as in the open air,
It seemed to my young thought the Sabbath smiled
With glory and with love. So still, so fair,
The Heavens looked ever on that hallowed morn,
That, without aid of memory, something there
Had surely told me of its glad return.
How did my little heart at evening burn,
When, fondly seated on my father's knee,
Taught by the lip of love, I breathed the prayer,
Warm from the fount of infant piety !
Much is my spirit changed ; for years have brought
Intenser feeling and expanded thought ;
Yet, must I envy every child I see !

THE DEATH OF THE FIRST-BORN.

ALARIC A. WATTS.

"Fare thee well, thou first and fairest!
 Fare thee well, thou best and dearest!"

BURNS.

My sweet one, my sweet one! the tears were in my
 eyes
 When first I clasped thee to my heart, and heard
 thy feeble cries;—
 For I thought of all that I had borne as I bent me
 down to kiss
 Thy cherry lip and sunny brow, my first-born bud
 of bliss!

I turned to many a withered hope,—to years of
 grief and pain;—
 And the cruel wrongs of a bitter world flashed o'er
 my boiling brain—
 I thought of friends grown worse than cold, of perse-
 cuting foes,—
 And I asked of Heaven, if ills like these must mar
 thy youth's repose!

I gazed upon thy quiet face—half blinded by my
tears—

Till gleams of bliss, unfelt before, came brightening
on my fears—

Sweet rays of hope that fairer shone 'mid the clouds
of gloom that bound them,

As stars dart down their loveliest light when mid-
night skies are round them.

My sweet one, my sweet one ! thy life's brief hour is
o'er,

And a father's anxious fears for thee can fever me
no more ;

And for the hopes, the sunbright hopes—that blos-
somed at thy birth—

They too have fled, to prove how frail are cherished
things on earth !

'T is true that thou wert young, my child, but though
brief thy span below,

To me it was a little age of agony and woe ;

For, from the first faint dawn of life thy cheek be-
gan to fade,

And my heart had scarce thy welcome breathed, ere
my hopes were wrapt in shade.

O the child, in its hours of health and bloom, that is
dear as thou wert then,

Grows far more prized—more fondly loved—in sick-
ness and in pain,

And thus 't was thine to prove, dear babe, when
 every hope was lost,
 Ten times more precious to my soul—for all that
 thou hadst cost !

Cradled in thy fair mother's arms, we watched thee
 day by day,
 Pale, like the second bow of heaven, as gently waste
 away ;
 And, sick with dark foreboding fears, we dared not
 breathe aloud,
 Sat hand in hand, in speechless grief, to wait
 death's coming cloud.

It came at length ; o'er thy bright blue eye the film
 was gathering fast,—
 And an awful shade passed o'er thy brow, the deep-
 est and the last ;—
 In thicker gushes strove thy breath,—we raised thy
 drooping head,
 A moment more—the final pang—and thou wert of
 the dead !

Thy gentle mother turned away to hide her face
 from me,
 And murmured low of Heaven's behests, and bliss
 attained by thee ;—

She would have chid me that I mourned a doom so
blest as thine,
Had not her own deep grief burst forth in tears as
wild as mine !

We laid thee down in sinless rest, and from thine
infant brow
Culled one soft lock of radiant hair—our only solace
now,—
Then placed around thy beauteous corse, flowers, not
more fair and sweet ;
Twin rosebuds in thy little hands, and jasmine at
thy feet.

Though other offspring still be ours, as fair perchance
as thou,
With all the beauty of thy cheek—the sunshine of
thy brow,
They never can replace the bud our early fondness
nurst,
They may be lovely and beloved, but not like thee—
the first !

The first ! How many a memory bright that one
sweet word can bring
Of hopes that blossomed, drooped, and died, in life's
delightful spring ;—

Of fervid feelings passed away—those early seeds of
bliss,
That germinate in hearts unsered, by such a world
as this!

My sweet one, my sweet one, my fairest, and my
first !
When I think of what thou mightst have been, my
heart is like to burst ;
But gleams of gladness through the gloom their
soothing radiance dart,
And my sighs are hushed, my tears are dried, when
I turn to what thou art !

Pure as the snow-flake ere it falls and takes the
stain of earth,
With not a taint of mortal life, except thy mortal
birth,—
God bade thee early taste the spring for which so
many thirst ;
And bliss—eternal bliss—is thine, my fairest, and
my first !

LIFE'S MATINS.

MARY HOWITT.

At that sweet hour of even,
When nightingales awake,
Low-bending o'er her first-born son,
An anxious mother spake.

“Thou child of prayer and blessing,
Would that my soul could know,
What the unending future holds
For thee of joy or woe.

“Thy life, will it be gladness,
A sunny path of flowers ;—
Or strife, with sorrow dark as death,
Through weary wintry hours ?

“O child of love and blessing,
Young blossom of life's tree—
My spirit trembles but to think
What time may make of thee !

“ Yet of the unveiled future
Would knowledge might be given !”
Then voices of the unseen ones
Made answer back from heaven !

FIRST VOICE.

“ Tears he must shed unnumbered ;
And he must strive with care,
As strives in war the armed man,
And human woe must bear.

“ Must learn that joy is mockery ;
That man doth mask his heart ;
Must prove the trusted faithless ;
And see the loved depart !

“ Must feel himself alone, alone ;
Must weep when none can see ;
Then lock his grief, like treasure up,
For lack of sympathy.

“ Must prove all human knowledge
A burden, a deceit ;
And many a flattering friendship find
A dark and hollow cheat.

“ Well mayst thou weep, fond mother :—
For what can life bequeath,
But tears and sighs unnumbered,
But watching, change, and death ?”

SECOND VOICE.

“ Rejoice, rejoice, fond mother.

That thou hast given birth
To this immortal being,
To this sweet child of earth !

“ The pearl within the ocean,
The gold within the mine ;
Have not a thousandth part the worth
Of this fair child of thine !

“ O fond and anxious mother,
Look up with joyful eyes,
For a boundless wealth of love and power
In that young spirit lies !

“ Love to enfold all nature
In one benign embrace ;
Power to diffuse a blessing wide
O'er all the human race !

“ Bless God both night and morning ;
Be thine a joyful heart ;
For the child of mortal parents hath
With the Eternal part !

“ The stars shall dim their brightness ;
And as a parchèd scroll
The earth shall fade ; but ne'er shall fade
The undying human soul !

“ Oh then rejoice, fond mother,
That thou hast given birth
To this immortal being,
To this fair child of earth !”

TO AN INFANT SLEEPING.

EDMUND PEEL.

How hallowed ! how unearthly thy repose !
The rounded arm revealed above the vest—
Its rival thrown across the couch of rest—
The hand half open, coveting to close
The delicate white fingers dipped i' the rose—
Are they not beautiful ? and seems not blest
With happy dreams that gently heaving breast,
Nor dreading foreign nor domestic foes ?
Dream on, dear infant ; for away will fly
The calm that broodeth o'er that candid brow ;
Soft tears will deluge that dark fringed eye !
And anguish tear the heart all tranquil now !
Be't so !—if thou before the Power on high
But learn, like patient Job, to meekly bow !

STANZAS ON AN INFANT.

MOIR.

THE rosebud, blushing through the morning's tears,
 The primrose, rising from the brumal waste,
 The snowdrop, or the violet, that appears
 Like nun within the myrtle's shadow placed,
 Wear not a smile like thine, nor look so chaste,
 Fair innocent! that from thy mother's knee,
 As yet by Earth's despoilment undefaced,
 Smil'st, and unheeding what the fates decree,
 Dream'st not of hapless days, that yet will frown on
 thee!

Say, o'er thy little frame when slumbers steal
 And watch above thy cradle seraphs keep,
 Do they, in love, futurity reveal,
 That thus thou sweetly smilest in thy sleep?
 Thy pure blue eyes were sure ne'er formed to weep
 Those little lips to breathe the sighs of woe;—
 Alas! in life it may be thine to steep
 Thy senses in nepenthe, glad if so
 Thy memory may the dreams of wretchedness forego.

For passion is a tyrant fierce and wild,
Leading the thoughts from virtue's pure career ;
And spirits, in their nature calm and mild,
Are duped by flattery, or subdued by fear ;
Love, that with promise to illume and cheer
The path of life, oft lures us to betray ;
And hopes that, robed in iris hues, appear
When the heart swells in youth's exulting day,
Dreaming sweet dreams alone, in darkness melt
away !

Sweet child, thy artlessness and innocence
Kindle deep thought, and cause my heart to bleed ;
For even to the best the fates dispense
Sorrow and pain, nor are the happiest freed
From ills, that make existence dark indeed.
Sadness doth of its lustre rob the eye ;
And those who ever, in the hour of need,
To mitigate our griefs were kindly nigh,
Like shot stars, one by one, all disappear and die !

Earth is at best a heritage of grief ;
But O, fair cherub, may its calm be thine ;
May virtue be thy solace and relief,
When pleasure on thy lot disdains to shine !
There was a time when being was divine :
No sin, no sorrow—paradise the scene ;
But man was prone to error, and his line

In frailty like their sire have ever been :—
How happy mightst thou be, were Eden's bowers
still green !

Ah ! may I guess, when years have o'er thy head
Their passage winged, maturity thy own,
How may, on earth, thy pilgrimage be led ?
Shall public cares, or privacy alone
Thy life engage ? or shall thy lot be thrown
Where timbrel, horn, and martial drum inspire ?
Or, soothed to softness and a holier tone,
Draw down aërial spirits to thy lyre,
Or call upon the muse to arm thy words with fire ?

Thy flaxen ringlets, and thy deep blue eyes,
Bring to my mind the little god of love ;
The last outvie the azure of the skies,
The first are like the clouds that float above
The spring's descending sun. The boy whom Jove
Rapt from the earth—fair Ganymede—to dwell
Above the realms where care has wing to rove,
Thy cherub features may betoken well ;
Or if the one excelled, perchance thou mightst excel.

Even now begirt with utter helplessness,
'T is hard to think, as on thy form I gaze,
(Experience makes one marvel not the less,)
That thou to busy man shalt rise, and raise

Thyself, mayhap, a nation's pride and praise ;
'T is hard to let the truth my mind employ,
That he, who kept the world in wild amaze,
That Cæsar in the cradle lay—a boy,
Soothed by a nurse's kiss, delighted with a toy !

That once the mighty Newton was like thee,
The awful Milton, who on heaven did look,
Listening the councils of Eternity ;
And matchless Shakspeare, who, undaunted, took
From Nature's shrinking hand her secret book,
And page by page the wondrous tome explored ;
The fearless Sidney ; the adventurous Cook ;
Howard, who mercy for mankind implored ;
And France's despot chief, whose heart lay in his
sword !

How doth the wretch, when life is dull and
black,

Pray that he were, pure innocent, like thee !
Or that again the guileless days were back,
When childhood leant against a parent's knee !
'T is meet that sin should suffer—it must be !
To such as at the shrine of virtue mock,
Remorse is what the righteous fates decree ;
On conquest bent, Sennacherib awoke,—
But heaven had o'er his camp breathed death in the
Siroc.

The unrelenting tyrant, who, unmoved,
Lays for a sweet and smiling land his snares,
Whose callous unimpassioned heart hath proved
Beyond the impulse of a mother's prayers,
Though not for beauty's tearful eye he cares,
A tyrant among tyrants he must be—
A Herod with a hydra soul, who dares
To spill the blood of innocent like thee,
All smiling in his face, and from a parent's knee!

Adieu! fair infant; be it thine to prove
The joy, of which an earnest thou wert sent;
And, in thy riper eyes, with looks of love,
Repay thy mother for the hours she spent
In fondness o'er thy cradle; thou wert meant
To be her solace in declining years;
Raise up the mind with age and sorrow bent;
Assuage with filial care a parent's fears,
Awake her heart to joy, and wipe away her tears!

CHARACTERISTICS OF A CHILD THREE YEARS OLD.

WORDSWORTH.

LOVING she is, and tractable, though wild ;
 And Innocence hath privilege in her
 To dignify arch looks and laughing eyes ;
 And feats of cunning, and the pretty round
 Of trespasses, affected to provoke
 Mock chastisement and partnership in play.
 And as a faggot sparkles on the hearth
 Not less if unattended and alone
 Than when both young and old sit gathered round
 And take delight in its activity ;
 Even so this happy creature of herself
 Is all-sufficient ; solitude to her
 Is blithe society, who fills the air
 With gladness and involuntary songs.
 Light are her sallies as the tripping fawn's
 Forth startled from the fern where she lay couched ;
 Unthought of, unsuspected, as the stir
 Of the soft breeze ruffling the meadow-flowers ;
 Or from before it chasing wantonly
 The many-coloured images imprest
 Upon the bosom of a placid lake.

TO A CHILD PLAYING.

R. C. FRENCH.

DEAR boy, thy momentary laughter rings
 Sincerely out, and that spontaneous glee,
 Seeming to need no hint from outward things,
 Breaks forth in sudden shoutings, loud and free.

From what hid fountains doth thy joyance flow,
 That borrows nothing from the world around?
 Its springs must deeper lie than we can know,
 A well whose springs lie safely underground.

So be it ever—and thou, happy boy,
 When time, that takes these wild delights away,
 Gives thee a measure of sedater joy,
 Which, unlike this, shall ever with thee stay ;—

Then may that joy, like this, to outward things
 Owe nothing—but lie safe beneath the sod,
 A hidden fountain fed from unseen springs,
 From the glad-making river of our God.

Blackwood, 1835.

SONNET.

SIR AUBREY DE VERE, BART.

“ On the first day of spring we buried her ;
 She hath risen with the flowers ;
 They to the summer's sun,
 She to the throne of God ! ”

AGAIN God's messenger hath visited
 My fold, and from my little flock withdrawn
 A spotless lamb—my gentle one is dead !—
 Her beauty—oh how precious in the dawn
 Of intellectual expression !—gone
 To an untimely grave. And yet, though fled
 From earth, though never more through wood or lawn
 Her step shall bound before us, God hath shed
 Balm, even from the vials of his wrath,
 And we walk cheered, though tearful, down our path .
 O Comforter ! still heavenward points thy hand,
 Where my rapt treasures, clasped in mute embraces,—
 Immortal gleams brightening their upturned faces,—
 With the cherubic choir take their appointed stand !

Currah, Easter-day, 1834.

LINES

On the Christening of my Brother's Infant Son, Feb. 21, 1839.

THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

THERE is a sound of laughter, light and gay,
 And hurried welcomes, as of joyful greeting,
 The stir and murmur of a holiday,
 The grouping of glad friends each other meeting :
 And in the midst art THOU—thou tiny flower,
 Whose coming hath so cheered this wintry hour !

Helpless thou liest, young blossom of our love !
 The sunshine of fond smiles around thee beaming,
 Blessings called down on thee from Heaven above,
 And every heart about *thy future* dreaming :—
 Meek peace and utter innocence are now
 The sole expression of thy baby brow.

Helpless thou liest, thy little waxen face
 Eagerly scanned by our inquiring glances,
 Hoping some lovely likeness there to trace,
 Which fancy finds, and so thy worth enhances,
 ing with thought mature and power of mind
 fant features—yet so faintly lined.

And still thy youthful mother bendeth down
Her large, soft, loving eyes, brimful of gladness,
Her cheek almost as waxen as thine own,
Her heart as innocently free from sadness :
And still a brighter smile her red lip wears
As each her young son's loveliness declares.

And sometimes as we gaze a sigh is heard,
(Though from the happy group all grief seems
banished,)
As thou recallest, little nestling bird,
Some long familiar face whose light hath vanished,
Some name, which yet hath power our hearts to
thrill,
Some smile, whose buried beauty haunts us still !

Ah ! most to her, the early widowed, come
Thoughts of the blossoms that from earth have
perished ;
Lost to her lone and solitary home,
Though in her brooding memory fondly cherished :
Her little grandson's baby-smiles recall
Not *one* regretted hope of youth, but *all* !

Her son's son lies upon her cradling knee,
And bids her heart return, with mournful dreaming,
To her own first-born's helpless infancy,
When hope—youth's guiding star—was brightly
beaming ;

And he, who died too soon, stood by and smiled,
And blessed alike the mother and her child.

Since then, how many a year hath fled past !
What unforeseen events, what joys, what sorrows,
With sunshine or with clouds, have overcast
The long succession of her lonely morrows ;
E'er musing o'er this fair and new-born face,
A fresh link carried on her husband's race !

Fair child, that race is not by man's award
Ennobled,—but by God ; no titles sounded
By herald's trumpet, or smooth and flattering bard,
Proclaim within what lines *thy* rank is bounded ;—
Thy power hereditary, none confine,
The gift of genius, boy, by right is thine !

Be humble, for it is an envied thing,
And men whose creeping hearts have long submitted
Around the columned height to clasp and cling
Of titled pride—by man to man transmitted—
Will grudge the power they have less cause to dread,
Oppose thee living, and malign when dead.

One of thy lineage served his country well,
(Though with her need, her gratitude departed ;)
What in her memory now is left to dwell ?
The *faults* of him who died half broken-hearted :

And those whose envious hands ne'er stretched to
save
Pluck down the laurels springing from his grave.

Yet, hush ! it is a solemn hour ; and far
Be human bitterness and vain upbraiding ;
With hope, we watch thy rising, thou young star,
Hope not *all* earthly, or it were too fading ;
For we are met to usher in thy life,
With prayer, which lifteth hearts, and quelleth
strife.

ON A MOTHER AND CHILD SLEEPING.

BARRY CORNWALL.

NIGHT, gaze, but send no sound !
Fond heart, thy fondness keep !
Nurse, silence wrap them round !
Breathe low ;—they sleep, they sleep !

No wind ! no murmuring showers !
No music soft and deep !
No thoughts nor dreams of flowers !
All hence ;—they sleep, they sleep !

Time's step is all unheard :
Heaven's stars bright silence keep :
No breath, no sigh, no word !
All's still ;—they sleep, they sleep !

O Life ! O Night ! O Time !
Thus ever round them creep !
From pain, from hate, from crime,
E'er guard them, gentle sleep !

SONNET.

H. M. R.

WOULD thy young soul, my child ! could speak to
me ;
Say, camest thou forth at the supreme command
From the bright glories of that unknown land,
Where is unveiled our spirits' mystery—
And though all earthly now thy vesture be,
Still holdest thou communion with that band,
Who ever in the Father's presence stand,
His wingèd messengers of love to thee !
Into the depths of thy blue eyes I gaze,
Until arises in my soul a sense
Of thy divine and pure intelligence,
That in my fond enraptured heart doth raise
A holier love of thy sweet innocence,
And to my God, a richer hymn of praise !

SONNET.

TO MY LITTLE EMILY.

H. M. R.

SWEET the last cuckoo's note on summer night
As with slow wing she takes her homeward way,
And on our ear the short and well-known lay
Falls unexpected and with new delight ;—
And sweet to find, where hid from casual sight
Its dewy head, one little bud of may,
The last-born violet, peeps forth to day,
'Mid moss and leaves, with scattered raindrops
bright.
But who the thrilling sense of joy can speak,
When first beneath the cradle-folds I gazed
Upon thy tiny face and velvet cheek ;—
Or when once more within our silent hall
The shout and laugh of infant play was raised,
And my heart leapt to hear thy lisping call !

TO A LITTLE BOY ASLEEP.

R. R.

How beautiful, my sleeping child,
Art thou, and all that breathes around thee,
When slumber such as now is thine
Hath, with its silken fetters bound thee.

The atmosphere of peace is here,
Its gentle influence revealing,
With all its soft surrounding balm
Upon thy yielding senses stealing.

No throb of woe, no pang of care,
No sudden start of strong emotion ;
Thy little barque, with sails all furled,
Rests undisturbed on life's calm ocean.

SONG OVER A CHILD.

BARRY CORNWALL.

DREAM, baby, dream !
The stars are glowing.
Hear'st thou the stream ?
'T is softly flowing.
All gently glide the hours ;
Above no tempest lowers :
Below are fragrant flowers
In silence growing.

Sleep, baby, sleep,
Till dawn to-morrow !
Why shouldst thou weep,
Who know'st not sorrow ?
Too soon come pains and fears ;
Too soon a cause for tears :
So from thy future years
No sadness borrow !

Dream, baby, dream !
Thine eyelids quiver.
Know'st thou the theme
Of yon soft river ?
It saith, " Be calm, be sure,
Unfailing, gentle, pure !
So shall thy life endure,
Like mine, for ever !"

TO MY CHILD.

RICHARD CHENEVIX FRENCH.

THY gladness makes me thankful every way ;
To look upon thy gladness makes me glad ;
While yet in part it well might render sad,
As thinking that we too might sport and play,
And keep, like thee, continual holiday,
If we retained the things which once we had,
If we, like happy Neophites, were clad
Still in baptismal stoles of white array.
And yet the gladness of the innocent child
Has not more matter for our thankful glee
Than the dim sorrows of the man defiled ;
Since both in sealing one blest truth agree ;
Joy is of God, but heaviness and care
Of our own hearts, and what has harboured there.

BABY'S SONG.

H. M. R.

Low-murmured words, I hear, mother !

When I am fast asleep,
Which mingle in my dreams, mother !
And almost make me weep.

Soft kisses too I feel, mother !

Warm on my lips and eyes,
And a gentle breath upon my cheek,
That on thy bosom lies.

The little angels round me,

My soul with them would keep,
But my heart is linked with thine, mother !
And I waken from my sleep.

I wake—and bending o'er me

Thine eyes look into mine—
The whispering voice, the loving kiss,
Sweet mother ! they are thine.

WELSH WANDERER'S SONG

To her Baby, cradled in the Boughs of a Tree.

SLEEP, my child ! and take thy rest,
 Sleep ! as on thy mother's breast,
 Sleep ! my bird, within thy nest,
 Nor restless move.

God will guard thee with his care ;
 All things good and all things fair
 Bless thee in thy leafy lair
 With looks of love.—

Sleep, my child ! and take thy rest,
 Sleep ! as on thy mother's breast,
 Sleep ! my bird, within thy nest,
 Nor restless move.

Things that flit on gauzy wing,
 Lulling thee forget their sting !
 Airs come sweetly whispering,

 And cool the grove :
 Though the sun with scorching heat
 Try to pierce thy green retreat,
 Like soft wings the branches meet
 To shade my dove.

Then sleep, my child : O take thy rest,
Sleep ! as on thy mother's breast,
Sleep ! my bird, within thy nest,
Nor restless move !

Monthly Repository.

M I C H A E L.

WORDSWORTH.

[EXTRACT.]

. BUT to Michael's heart
This son of his old age was yet more dear—
Less from instinctive tenderness,—the same
Fond spirit that blindly works in the blood of all—
Than that a child, more than all other gifts
That earth can offer to declining man,
Brings hope with it, and forward-looking thoughts,
And stirrings of inquietude, when they
By tendency of nature needs must fail.
Exceeding was the love they bore to him,
His heart and his heart's joy !

TO THE NEW-BORN.

MRS. HEMANS.

A BLESSING on thy head, thou child of many hopes
and fears !

A rainbow-welcome thine hath been, of mingled
smiles and tears.

Thy father greets thee unto life, with a full and
chastened heart,

For a solemn gift from God thou com'st, all precious
as thou art !

I see thee not asleep, fair boy, upon thy mother's
breast,

Yet well I know how guarded there shall be thy
rosy rest ;

And how her soul with love and prayer and glad-
ness will o'erflow,

While bending o'er thy soft-sealed eyes, thou dear
one, well I know !

A blessing on thy gentle head ! and blessed thou *art*
in truth,

For a home where God is felt awaits thy childhood
and thy youth :

Around thee pure and holy thoughts shall dwell as
light and air,
And steal unto thine heart, and wake the germs now
folded there.

Smile on thy mother ! while she feels that unto her
is given,
In that young day-spring glance the pledge of a soul
to rear for heaven !
Smile ! and sweet peace be o'er thy sleep, joy o'er
thy wakening shed !
Blessings and blessings evermore, fair boy ! upon thy
head !

ON AN INFANT SMILING AS IT AWOKE.

AFTER the sleep of night, as some still lake
 Displays the cloudless heavens in reflection,
 And, dimpled by the breezes, seems to break
 Into a waking smile of recollection,
 As if from its calm depths the morning light
 Called up the pleasant dreams that gladdened
 night :—

So does the azure of those laughing eyes
 Reflect a mental heaven of thine own ;
 In that illumined smile I recognize
 The sunlight of a sphere to us unknown ;
 Thou hast been dreaming of some previous bliss
 In other worlds, for thou art new to this.

Hast thou been wafted to Elysian bowers,
 In some blest star where thou hast pre-existed ;
 Inhaled th' ecstatic fragrancy of flowers
 Around the golden harps of seraphs twisted,
 Or heard those nightingales of Paradise
 Pour thrilling songs and choral harmonies ?

Perchance all breathing life is but an essence
 From the great Fountain Spirit in the skies,
 And thou hast dreamt of that transcendent presence
 Whence thou hast fall'n, a dewdrop from on high,
 Destined to lose, as thou shalt mix with earth,
 Those bright recallings of thy heavenly birth.

We deem thy mortal memory not begun,—
 But hast thou no remembrance of the past ;
 No lingering twilight of a former sun,
 Which o'er thy slumbering faculties hath cast
 Shadows of unimaginable things,
 Too high or deep for human fathomings ?

Perchance, while reason's earliest flush is brightening
 Athwart thy brain, celestial sights are given ;
 As skies that open to let out the lightning
 Disclose a transitory glimpse of Heaven ;
 And thou art wrapt in visions all too bright
 For aught but cherubim and infants' sight.

Emblem of heavenly purity and bliss,—
 Mysterious type which none can understand,
 Let me with reverence approach to kiss
 Limbs lately touched by the Creator's hand :—
 So awful art thou, that I feel more prone
 To claim thy blessing, than bestow mine own.

New Monthly.

THE BONNIE BAIRNS.

THE lady she walked in yon wild wood,
 Aneath the hollin tree,
 And she was aware of twa bonnie bairns
 Were running at her knee.

The tane it pulled a red, red rose,
 With a hand as soft as silk ;
 The other it pulled a lilie pale,
 With a hand mair white than milk.

Now why pull ye the rose, fair bairns ?
 And why the white lilie ?
 Oh, we sue that thy soul at the seat of grace
 May be pure like these, ladye !

Oh bide wi' me, my twa bonnie bairns,
 I'll cleed ye rich and fine,
 And all for the blackberries of the wood
 Ye's hae white bread and wine.

She heard a voice, a sweet low voice,
 Say, Weans, ye tarry lang !
 She stretched her hand to the youngest bairn,
 Kiss me before ye gang.

She sought to take the lillie hand,
And to kiss the rosie chin,
But nought so pure can bide the touch
Of a hand still stained with sin !

The stars were shooting to and fro,
And wildfire filled the air,
As that ladye followed the bonnie bairns
For three long hours and mair.

Oh where dwell ye, my ain sweet bairns,
I'm wae and weary grown ?
O ladye, we live where woe never is,
In a land to flesh unknown.

There came a shape, which seemed to her
As a rainbow amang the rain,
And sair these sweet babes pled for her,
And they pled and pled again.

And oh, and oh, said the youngest babe,
My mother maun come in !
And oh, and oh, said the eldest babe,
Wash her twa hands from sin.

And oh, and oh, said the youngest babe,
She nursed me on her knee ;
And oh, and oh, said the eldest babe,
She's a mother yet to me !

And oh, and oh, said the babes both,
Where living waters rin,
There, as the snaw beneath her feet,
Wash her twa hands from sin !

From "The Rose."

PARADISE AND THE PERI.

MOORE.

[EXTRACT.]

BUT hark ! the vesper call to prayer,
As slow the orb of daylight sets,
Is rising sweetly on the air,
From Syria's thousand minarets !
The boy has started from the bed
Of flowers, where he had laid his head,
And down upon the fragrant sod
Kneels, with his forehead to the south,
Lisping the eternal name of God
From purity's own cherub mouth,
And looking, while his hands and eyes
Are lifted to the glowing skies,
Like a stray bird of Paradise,
Just lighted on that flowery plain,
And seeking for its home again !

THE CHILD AND THE FAWN.

M. R.

THE dew still hung upon the grass,
And on the gossamer,
And on the heavy foliage,
The trees in summer wear ;—

And little drops fell twinkling down
Upon the tresses grey,
Of him who trod the forest path,
In trouble and dismay.

It was a hermit, good and old,
Who wandered through the shade,
In trouble that his little fawn
Had into danger strayed.

And now the hunter's savage hounds
Pursued it through the wood,
The milk-white fawn that loved so well
The hermit, old and good.

Its ivory hoofs scarce touched the ground,
So eager was the chase,
Whilst piteous tears ran pleadingly
Adown its velvet face.

At last along a steepy path
The frightened creature flew,
And up into a darksome place,
Where ancient hollics grew.

The savage hounds rushed headlong up,
The hunters hurried on,
Up, up a narrow stony path,
With bright green moss o'ergrown.—

When lo ! they paused as wonder-struck,
For in the holly-shade,
There stood a little angel child,
Alone, but undismayed ;

With curls of cloudy golden light ;
And eyes like drops of dew
That underneath a summer sky
Reflect unspotted blue ;

Its hands were folded on its breast,
Like saint before a cross,
And still it stood, with rosy feet,
Upon the dewy moss.—

THE LEGEND OF SANTAREM.

FIRST PART.

COME listen to a monkish tale of old,
 Right catholic, but puerile some may deem
 Who all unworthy their high notice hold
 Aught but grave truths, and lofty learned theme ;
 Too wise for simple pleasure, smiles, and tears,
 Dreams of our earliest, purest, happiest years.

Come listen to the legend ; for of them
 Surely thou art not ; and to thee I'll tell
 How on a time in holiest Santarem,
 Strange circumstance miraculous befell
 Two little ones, who to the sacred shrine
 Came daily, to be schooled in things divine.

Twin sisters— orphan innocents were they ;
 Most pure I ween, from all but th' olden taint,
 Which only Jesus' blood can wash away ;
 And holy as the life of holiest saint
 Was his, that good Dominican's, who fed
 His master's lambs with more than dailly bread.

The children's custom, while that pious man
Fulfilled the various duties of his state,
Within the spacious church as Sacristan,
Was on the altar steps to sit and wait,
Nestling together ('t was a lovely sight !)
Like the young turtle-doves of Hebrew rite.

A small, rich chapel was their sanctuary,
While thus abiding :—with adornment fair
Of curious carved work, wrought cunningly,
In all quaint patterns, and devices rare :
And even there, above the altar, smiled,
From Mary-mother's arms, the Holy Child,—

Smiled on his infant guests, as there below,
On the fair altar steps, those young ones spread
(Nor aught irreverent in such act I trow,)
Their simple morning meal of fruit and bread.
Such feast not ill beseeemed the sacred dome—
Their Father's house, is the dear children's home.

At length it chanced, that on a certain day,
When Frey Bernardo to the chapel came,
Where patiently was ever wont to stay
His infant charge ; with vehement acclaim,
Both lisping creatures forth to meet him ran,
And each to tell the same strange tale began.

“Father !” they cried, as hanging on his gown
On either side, in each perplexed ear
They poured their eager tidings—“ He came down—
Menino Jesu hath been with us here !—
We prayed him to partake our fruit and bread ;
And he came down—and smiled on us—and fed.”

“ Children ! my children ! know ye what ye say ?”
Bernardo hastily replied—“ But hold !—
Peace, Briolanja !—rash art thou alway :
Let Inez speak.” And little Inez told,
In her slow silvery speech, distinctly o’er,
The same strange story he had heard before.

“ Blessed are ye, my children !” with devout
And deep humility, the good man cried—
“ Ye have been highly favoured. Still to doubt,
Were gross impiety and sceptic pride.
Ye have been highly favoured. Children dear !
Now your old master’s faithful counsel hear.

“ Return to-morrow with the morning light,
And as before, spread out your simple fare
On the same table ; and again invite
Menino Jesu to descend and share :
And if he come, say, ‘ Bid us, blessed Lord !
We and our master, to thy heavenly board.’

“ Forget not, children of my soul ! to plead
For your old teacher :—even for *His* sake,
Who fed ye faithfully : and he will heed
Your innocent lips ; and I shall so partake
With his dear lambs. Beloved ! with the sun
Return to-morrow. Then his will be done.”

SECOND PART.

“ To-night ! to-night ! Menino Jesu saith
We shall sup with him, father ! we and thee,”
Cried out both happy children in a breath,
As the good father entered anxiously,
About the morrow’s noon, that holy shrine,
Now consecrate by special grace divine.

“ He bade us come alone ; but then we said,
We could not without thee, our master dear—
At that he did not frown, but shook his head
Denyingly ; then straight, with many a tear,
We pleaded so, he could not but relent,
And bowed his head, and smiled, and gave consent.”

“ Now God be praised !” the old man said, and fell
In prayer upon the marble floor straightway,
His face to earth ; and so till vesper bell,
Entranced in the spirit’s depths he lay,
Then rose like one refreshed with sleep, and stood
Composed, among th’ assembling brotherhood.

SLEEP ON!

HARRY CORNWALL.

~~Scuse me! the world is vain ;~~
~~All grief and sin and pain :~~
~~If there be a dream of joy,~~
~~It comes in summer, pretty boy !~~
~~O sweet sleep !~~
~~Hang upon his eyelids deep ;~~
~~Show him all that cannot be,~~
~~For then dost flee !~~

Sleep on ! Let no sad truth
 Fall yet upon his youth :
 Let him see no thing unkind,
 But live a little longer blind !
 O sweet sleep !
 Hang upon his eyelids deep ;
 Show him Love, without his wings,
 And all fair things !

TO A CHILD IN PRAYER.

FOLD thy little hands in prayer,
 Bow down at thy Maker's knee.
 Now thy sunny face is fair,
 Shining through thy golden hair,
 Thine eyes are passion free ;
 And pleasant thoughts like garlands bind thee
 Unto thy home, yet grief may find thee—
 Then pray, Child, pray !

Now thy young heart like a bird
 Singeth in its summer nest,
 No evil thought, no unkind word,
 No bitter, angry voice hath stirred
 The beauty of its rest,
 But winter cometh, and decay
 Wasteth thy verdant home away—
 Then pray, Child, pray !

Thy spirit is a house of glee,
 And gladness harpeth at the door,
 While ever with a merry shout
 Hope, the May-queen, danceth out,

Her lips with music running o'er !
But time those strings of joy will sever,
And hope will not dance on for ever ;
Then pray, Child, pray !

Now thy mother's hymn abideth
Round thy pillow in the night ;
And gentle feet creep to thy bed,
And o'er thy quiet face is shed
The taper's darkened light.
But that sweet hymn shall pass away,
By thee no more those feet shall stay :
Then pray, Child, pray !

W.

New Monthly Magazine, 1832.

THE CHILD READING THE BIBLE.

MRS. HEMANS.

"A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, to waylay.

* * * * *
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller between life and death."

WORDSWORTH.

I saw him at his sport erewhile,
The bright exulting boy,
Like summer's lightning came the smile
Of his young spirit's joy ;
A flash that wheresoe'er it broke,
To life undreamt of beauty woke.

His fair locks waved in sunny play,
By a clear fountain's side,
Where jewel-coloured pebbles lay
Beneath the shallow tide,
And pearly spray at times would meet
The glancing of his fairy feet.

He twined him wreaths of all spring-flowers,
Which drank that streamlet's dew ;
He flung them o'er the wave in showers,
Till gazing, scarce I knew

Which seemed more pure, or bright, or wild,
The singing fount or laughing child.

To look on all that joy and bloom
 Made earth one festal scene,
Where the dull shadow of the tomb
 Seemed as it ne'er had been.
How could one image of decay
Steal o'er the dawn of such clear day ?

I saw once more that aspect bright—
 The boy's meek head was bowed .
In silence o'er the Book of Light,
 And like a golden cloud,—
The still cloud of a pictured sky—
His locks drooped round it lovingly.

And if my heart had deemed him fair,
 When in the fountain-glade,
A creature of the sky and air,
 Almost on wings he played ;
Oh ! how much holier beauty now
Lit the young human being's brow !

The being born to toil, to die,
 To break forth from the tomb,
Unto a nobler destiny
 Than waits the skylark's plume !

I saw him, in that thoughtful hour,
Win the first knowledge of his dower.

The *soul*, the awakening *soul* I saw,
My watching eye could trace
The shadows of its new-born awe,
Sweeping o'er that fair face,
As o'er some flower might pass the shade
By some dread angel's pinions made !

The soul, the mother of deep fears,
Of high hopes infinite,
Of glorious dreams, mysterious tears,
Of sleepless inner sight ;
Lovely, but solemn, it arose,
Unfolding what no more might close.

The red-leaved tablets,* undefiled,
As yet, by evil thought—
Oh ! little dreamed the brooding child
Of what within me wrought,
While *his* young heart first burned and stirred,
And quivered to the eternal word.

And reverently my spirit caught
The reverence of *his* gaze ;

* "All this and more than this is now eugraved upon the *red-leaved tablets* of my heart."—HAYWOOD.

AN INFANT'S LAST SLEEP.

ANONYMOUS.

Go to thy sleep, my child,
Go to thy dreamless bed,
Gentle and undefiled,
With blessings on thy head,

Fresh roses in thy hand,
Buds on thy pillow laid,
Haste from this fearful land,
Where flowers so quickly fade.

Before thy heart hath learned
In waywardness to stray,
Before thy feet have turned
The dark and downward way ;

Ere sin hath seared thy breast
Or sorrow woke the tear,
Rise, and secure thy rest
In yon celestial sphere.

TO A CHILD.

When thy smile was fair,
Thy lip and eye so bright,
When thy cradle care
Was such a fond delight,—

And thou with weak embrace
Thy unsprung wing detain?
No longer seek thy place
Among the cherub train.

TO A CHILD.

HENRY WHITWORTH.

Little rover, didst thou chase
The clouds of that western sky,
From thine home, the storm so nigh,
The night that falls apace?
Or (for that sweet cherub face)
Hast thou watched with sparkling

Wings dance trippingly
In endless race.
O lovely boy,
If golden dreams will stay,
If thou, that flatterer coy?
Comest to thee each day
With sinless joy,
How soon, how soon, away!

A SONG AGAINST SINGING.

TO MY DEAR LITTLE COUSIN, ELIZABETH JANE H——.

MISS BARRETT.

“Sing, mirthful swains; but let me sigh alone.”

BROWNE.

THEY bid me sing to thee,
 Thou golden-haired and silver-voic'd child,
 With lips by no worse sigh than sleep's defiled;
 With eyes unknowing how tears dim the sight;
 With feet all trembling at the new delight,
 Treaders of earth to be!

Ah no! the lark may bring
 A song to thee from out the morning cloud;
 The merry river, from its lilies bowed;
 The brisk rain, from the trees; the lucky wind,
 That half doth make its music, half doth find!
 But *I*—I may not sing!

How could I think it right,
 New-comer on our earth, as, Sweet, thou art,
 To bring a verse from out a human heart,

Thenceforth I loathed the cheerful day—
Night seemed to me less dim;
I loathed the lovely and the gay,—
They spoke to me of him.

I loathed the laughing flowers—the sound
Of nature's morning song—
The little glistening rills, that bound
The whispering woods among.

I shunned the infant's tuneful voice,
That love or care would crave :
How could I hear a child rejoice,
When mine was in the grave !

Its plaintive tone, its merry bound,
Its peaceful evening hymn,
Had all to me one only sound,
They spoke to me of him.

I laid my hand upon a book,
Disused since my distress ;
I sat me down therein to look,
From very weariness.

Oft had I read that book before
With half-averted eye,
And closed it, when my task was o'er,
Coldly and carelessly.

But *then* my mind dwelt on the words
 With long and earnest gaze ;
A breath swept o'er its broken chords
 Of harmony and praise.

I read of long-enduring love,
 Of hopefulness and trust,
Of the quiet of the world above,
 Of meetings of the just.

A change came o'er my spirit then,
 A light was on my path ;
I looked upon the world again,
 In the blessedness of faith.

I loved a happy sound—my boy,
 His welcome when we met,
His tones of sweetness and of joy
 I did not then forget.

But when I saw young children seem
 To revel in delight,
I thought what mother's eyes would gleam
 With rapture at the sight.

I welcomed the returning sun
 To scenes so lately dim ;
The flowers reviving one by one,
 They spoke to me of him.

So heavy with accumulated tears,
And cross with such amount of weary years,
Thy day-sum of delight ?

E'en if the verse were said,
Thou, who wouldst clap thy tiny hands to hear
The wind or rain, gay bird or river clear,
Wouldst, at that sound of sad humanities,
Upturn thy bright uncomprehending eyes
And bid me play instead.

Therefore no song of mine !
But prayer in place of singing ! prayer that would
Commend thee to the new-creating God,
Whose gift is childhood's heart, without its stain
Of weakness, ignorance, and changings vain—
That gift of God be thine !

So wilt thou aye be young,
In lovelier childhood than thy shining brow
And pretty winning accents make thee now !
Yea ! sweeter than this scarce articulate sound
(How sweet !) of " father," " mother," shall be found
The ABBA on thy tongue !

And so as years shall chase
Each other's shadows, thou wilt less resemble
Thy fellows of the earth who toil and tremble,

Than him thou seest not, thine angel bold,
Yet meek, whose ever-lifted eyes behold
The Ever-loving's face !

DEATH OF AN INFANT.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

DEATH found strange beauty on that cherub brow,
And dashed it out. There was a tint of rose
On cheek and lip ;—he touched the veins with ice,
And the rose faded. Forth from those blue eyes
There spake a wishful tenderness,—a doubt
Whether to grieve or sleep, which innocence
Alone can wear. With ruthless haste, he bound
The silken fringes of their curtaining lids
For ever.—There had been a murmuring sound,
With which the babe would claim its mother's ear,
Charming her even to tears. The spoiler set
His seal of silence. But there beamed a smile
So fixed and holy from that marble brow—
Death gazed, and left it there ;—he dared not steal
The signet-ring of Heaven.

THE LITTLE FRIEND.

WRITTEN IN THE BOOK WHICH SHE MADE AND SENT TO ME.

MISS BARRETT.

—το δ' ἡδὴ ἐξ ὀφθαλμῶν ἀπεληλυθεν.

MARCUS ANTONINUS.

THE book thou givest, dear as such,
 Shall bear thy dearer name ;
 And many a word the leaves shall touch
 For thee who form'dst the same !
 And on them many a thought shall grow
 'Neath memory's rain and sun,
 Of thee, glad child, who dost not know
 That thought and pain are one !

Yes ! thoughts of thee, who satest oft,
 A while since, at my side—
 So wild to tame,—to move so soft,
 So very hard to chide :
 The childish vision at thine heart,
 The lesson on the knee ;
 The wandering looks which *would* depart
 Like gulls, across the sea !

The laughter which no half-belief
In wrath could all suppress ;
The falling tears, which looked like grief,
And were but gentleness :
The fancies sent, for bliss, abroad,
As Eden's were not done—
Mistaking still the cherub's sword
For shining of the sun !

The sportive speech with wisdom in 't—
The question strange and bold—
The childish fingers in the print
Of God's creative hold :
The praying words in whispers said,
The sin with sobs confest ;
The leaning of the young meek head
Upon the Saviour's breast !

The gentle consciousness of praise,
With hues that went and came ;
The brighter blush, a word could raise,
Were *that*—a father's name !
The shadow on thy smile for each
That on his face could fall !
So quick hath love been *thee* to teach,
What soon it teacheth all.

Sit still as erst beside his feet !
The future days are dim,—
But those will seem to thee most sweet
Which keep thee nearest *him* !
Sit at his feet in quiet mirth,
And let him see arise
A clearer sun and greener earth
Within thy loving eyes !—

Ah, loving eyes ! that used to lift
Your childhood to my face—
That leave a memory on the gift,
I look on in your place—
May bright-eyed hosts your guardians be
From all but thankful tears,—
While, brightly as ye turned on *me*,
Ye meet th' advancing years !

A DIRGE.

"The only son of his mother ; and she was a widow."

MISS S. J. WILLIAMS.

I LOST him in untainted youth,
While life to him was fair ;
The star of hope, the glow of truth,
The smile of love were there.

No care had furrowed his young cheek,
No grief had dimmed his eye ;
He faded as the rose-leaves seek
A turf where they must lie.

I craved that mine own hand might close
The veil above his face ;
I left him to the deep repose
Of death's lone dwelling-place.

I turned away from that fresh mould,
A cloud was on my heart ;
Then first the dreadful truth seemed told,
That we indeed must part.

Let his pure soul, ordain'd seven years to be
In that frail body, which was part of me,
Remain my pledge in heaven, as sent to show
How to this port on every step I go.

SONNET.

TO AN INFANT.

H. M. R.

A YOUNG and tender plant from Eden's bowers,
In thy first loveliness transplanted here,
To watch thy growth a guardian form is near,
To shield from evil thy brief sunny hours—
Nourish with love's all-gently dropping showers
Each germ and leaf—and should dark clouds
appear,
Shelter from blight or injury, the clear
Soft rosy tints of thy unfolding flowers.—
A few more years, and strength may then be thine
To brave the storm or bear the noontide ray,
And thus matured in beauty, round thee shed
A glory and a sweetness, all divine ;
The golden fruit stored for the harvest-day,
When faded each bright flower—the fair tree
dead !

CORNELIA.

M. R.

Two Roman ladies sought the arbour's shade,
Where one her store of precious gems displayed ;
The glittering bracelet from its case she brought,
Studded with sapphires, in fine gold inwrought ;
From ivory casket, next, the carcanet,
With emeralds pale and costly diamonds set ;
The ruby brooch on her white robe was placed,
And amethysts and pearls her fingers graced ;
But her prized treasure was an opal-stone,
Which lay upon her brow as on a throne,
A regal gem, whose tremulous fire is bright
With rainbow-hues that vary with the light,
And flashing tints which swift each other chase,
Like joyous smiles upon a lovely face.
Then spake she to Cornelia, whilst her eye
Glanced on the treasure round triumphantly ;
" These are my jewels, brought from Eastern mine
And ocean-caves. Fair lady, show me thine."
Two little boys upon the floor the while,
Sat by Cornelia ; with a quiet smile,

She laid her hand upon each graceful head,
Stroking their silken hair, and gently said,
" These are my jewels. Thine from sea and earth
Their being drew,—mine are of heavenly birth."

FAMILY PICTURE.

BY SIR AUBREY DE VERE, BART.

WITH work in hand, perchance some fairy cap,
To deck the little stranger yet to come ;
One rosy boy struggling to mount her lap—
The eldest studious with a book or map—
Her timid girl beside, with a faint bloom
Conning some tale—while, with no gentle tap,
Yon chubby urchin beats his mimic drum,
Nor heeds the doubtful frown her eyes assume.
So sits the mother, with her fondest smile,
Regarding her sweet little ones the while ;
And he, the happy man ! to whom belong
These treasures, feels their living charms beguile
All mortal cares, and eyes the prattling throng
With rapture-rising heart, and a thanksgiving
tongue.

TO A CHILD.

ANONYMOUS.

THY memory, as a spell
Of love, comes o'er my mind—
As dew upon the purple bell—
As perfume on the wind ;—
As music on the sea—
As sunshine on the river ;—
So hath it always been to me,
So shall it be for ever.

I hear thy voice in dreams
Upon me softly call,
Like echoes of the mountain streams
In sportive waterfall.
I see thy form as when
Thou wert a living thing,
And blossom'd in the eyes of men
Like any flower of spring.

Thy soul to heaven hath fled,
From earthly thralldom free ;
Yet 't is not as the dead
That thou appear'st to me.
In slumber I behold
Thy form, as when on earth,
Thy locks of waving gold,
Thy sapphire eye of mirth.

I hear, in solitude,
The prattle, kind and free,
Thou uttered'st in joyful mood,
While seated on my knee.
So strong each vision seems,
My spirit that doth fill,
I think not they are dreams,
But that thou livest still.

From the Laurel.

THE SPIRIT OF AN INFANT TO HIS
MOTHER.

A VISION.

M. L. G.

MOTHER, I've lain upon thy lulling breast,
And felt thy gentle breathing on my brow ;
My little frame is in the earth at rest,
But my young spirit hovers near thee now.
I *cannot* leave thee, though on ev'ry beam
A beck'ning angel hails me from above ;
(Sleep, mother, sleep ! I'm with thee in thy dream ;)
O e'en for *them* I cannot leave thy love,—
Thou who wouldst murmur to me till I crept
Into thy blameless bosom where I slept.

There is my little cot—no tenant now
Presses its pillow—all is still as death ;
The night-light gleams like moonbeams on her brow,
Her lips apart are rosy with her breath ;

Moveless is that white arm on which I've lain,
And veiled that bosom where I used to rest ;
See, see a tear from the fair lid has strayed :
Mother ! sweet mother ! thy young boy is blest ;
He lies no longer near thy beating heart,
But thou and he will ne'er be far apart.

Informed with new intelligence, I float
On the day's ether, and the night-star's beam ;
But O my childhood's memory ! I doat
With deathless fondness on that faded dream,
And I would be again that thoughtless thing,
Caressed and cared for with that lulling love,
That made me nestle to thy succouring,
And coo—the language of the babe and dove,
Both eloquent—both breathing of a heart
That but in murmurs may its bliss impart.

O gentle mother ! now that I can view
The realms of space with spiritual eye,
I see what, could it be beheld by you,
Would wake that bosom with too wild a sigh.
But let my murmurs melt into that ear
That lies amid thy silken tresses hid :
O mother ! speak to mothers when you hear
Their trembling little ones by tyrants chid ;
Tell them they guess not how young spirits feel
The wanton wounds that petulance will deal.

O bid them leave us less to sordid care,
That heeds not what impression we may take ;
Bid them the threat, the promise to forbear,
That they will rashly breathe and basely break—
Spoiling the fair, fresh fountain of our youth,
With distrust dashing its reflecting stream,
Loosing the pure integrity of truth
In its first basement, making it a theme
For precept, not for practice, till we stray
Further with falsehood every future day.

Tell them to give our very morning hours
All unto softest peace and sunny love ;
Leave us all folded like the evening flowers,
Drinking the dew and sunshine from above.
But when our smiles with consciousness have shone,
Kindling to eyes with answering smiles imprest,
Then know that mind has quickened, that the throne
Of sympathy is seated in the breast ;
Then from *that* moment is neglect a sin—
Then, education, must thy task begin.

But gradual, graceful, gracious, as the dawn
That comes with tender twilight scarce unfurled,
Sprinkling pale splendour over lake and lawn,
Nor rolls the sun till noonday on the world,
When the warm light the awakened eye can bear,
And *all* is bathed in the broad beam of day,

That paints not parts, nor pierceth here and there,
 But kindles with a UNIVERSAL RAY.—
 Thus, thus must mind be waked and warm'd and won,
 To the meridian of the mental sun.

But there are dews as well as beams, and they
 Teach how to nurture our unfolding hearts ;
 The brain grows parched and arid, till the play
 Of feelings' flow its gentle dews imparts ;
That verdures all—that draws the hidden soul
 Of fragrance from the leaf, the fruit, the flower ;
That wakes, and warms, and bids the mind unroll
 Its truest treasure, and its purest power,
 Bathing the sources of all soul and sense
 With holy love and bland benevolence.

Tell mothers, if their fondled first-born thus
 Be moulded, nurtured, half their task is done ;
 Example and communion are to us
 More than to flowers are the dew and sun.—
 Here I have twined a wreath for thy dear brow,
 Each flower reflects its hue upon each other,
 The red rose kindles the pale lily now—
 Thus sister sister, and thus brother brother.
 Impress these precepts on each parent's brain,
 And *thou'lt* not dream, nor *I* have lived in vain.

Monthly Repository.

THE COTTAGE GIRL.

MRS. HEMANS.

A CHILD beside a hamlet's fount at play,
Her fair face laughing at the sunny day ;
A gush of waters tremulously bright,
Kindling the air to gladness with their light ;
And a soft gloom beyond, of summer trees,
Darkening the turf ; and shadowed o'er by these,
A low, dim, woodland cottage—this was all !
What had the scene for memory to recall,
With a fond look of love ?—what secret spell
With the heart's pictures made its image dwell ?
What but the spirit of the joyous child,
That freshly forth o'er stream and verdure smiled,
Casting upon the common things of earth
A brightness, born and gone with infant mirth !

THE DYING INFANT.

BY N. MICHELL, ESQ.

DAY lit the woody mountains ; in the dell
Were heard the shepherd's song, and wether's bell ;
The kid in circles gambolled on the lea,
And dew, like beauty's tears, empearled each tree ;
The lark as winged with rapture, sprang on high,
And sang amidst the roses of the sky :
Yes, all without was brightness, and a voice
From wide creation seemed to cry " Rejoice !"
A different scene the silent room displayed,
Where wan disease on infant beauty preyed ;
The lamp pale-flickering, and the curtain drawn,
To hide from sleepless eyes the unwelcome dawn,
The food untasted, and the murmur low
From suffering meekness, spoke a tale of woe.
Oh ! all night long the mother watched her child,
And now she wept, and now she talked and smiled,
And smoothed the couch, and sang a soothing lay,
And kissed from that pale brow the dews away ;
Her babe e'en of her being seemed a part,
Fount of her hopes and sunshine of her heart.

From western hills, as fades light's farewell streak,
The last sweet hue forsook its lovely cheek ;
Death gradual glazed its eyes' cerulean ray,
And on her breast it breathed its life away.

SONNET.

THE INFANT.

A. S.

I SAW an infant—health and joy and light
 Bloomed on its cheek, and sparkled in its eye ;
 And its fond mother stood delighted by
To see its morn of being dawn so bright.
Again I saw it, when the withering blight
 Of pale disease had fallen, moaning lie
 On that sad mother's breast—stern death was
 nigh,
And life's young wings were fluttering for their
 flight.
 Last I beheld it stretched upon the bier,
Like a fair flower untimely snatched away,
 Calm and unconscious of its mother's tear,
Which on its placid cheek unheeded lay—
 But on its lip the unearthly smile express'd,
 “ Oh ! happy child, untried, and early bless'd ! ”

New Monthly Magazine.

TO H. C., SIX YEARS OLD.

WORDSWORTH.

O THOU ! whose fancies from afar are brought ;
Who of thy words dost make a mock apparel,
And fittest to unutterable thought
The breeze-like motion and the self-born carol ;
Thou faëry voyager ! that dost float
In such clear water, that thy boat
May rather seem
To brood on air than on an earthly stream ;
Suspended in a stream as clear as sky,
Where earth and heaven do make one imagery ;
O blessed vision ! happy child !
That art so exquisitely mild,
I think of thee with many fears,
For what may be thy lot in future years.

I thought of times when pain might be thy guest,
Lord of thy house and hospitality ;
And grief, uneasy lover ! never rest
But when she sate within the touch of thee.

O too industrious folly !
O vain and causeless melancholy !
Nature will either end thee quite,
Or lengthening out thy season of delight,
Preserve for thee, by individual right,
A young lamb's heart among the full-grown flocks.
What hast thou to do with sorrow,
Or the injuries of to-morrow ?
Thou art a dewdrop, which the morn brings forth,
Ill fitted to sustain unkindly shocks,
Or to be trailed along the soiling earth ;
A gem that glitters while it lives,
And no forewarning gives ;
But, at the touch of wrong, without a strife,
Slips in a moment out of life.

1802.

PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

R O G E R S.

[EXTRACT.]

CHILDHOOD's loved group revisits every scene ;
The tangled wood-walk and the tufted green !
Indulgent memory wakes, and lo ! they live !
Clothed with far softer hues than light can give.
Thou first, best friend that Heaven assigns below,
To soothe and sweeten all the cares we know ;
Whose glad suggestions still each vain alarm ;
Thee would the muse invoke ! to thee belong
The sage's precept and the poet's song.
What softened views thy magic glass reveals,
When o'er the landscape Time's meek twilight
steals !

As when in ocean sinks the orb of day,
Long on the wave reflected lustres play ;
Thy tempered gleams of happiness resigned,
Glance on the darkened mirror of the mind.
The school's lone porch, with reverend mosses grey,
Just tells the pensive pilgrim where it lay.

Mute is the bell that rung at peep of dawn,
Quickening my truant feet across the lawn :
Unheard the shout that rent the noontide air,
When the slow dial gave a pause to care.
Up springs, at every step, to claim a tear,
Some little friendship formed and cherished here ;
And not the lightest leaf but trembling teems
With golden visions and romantic dreams !
Down by yon hazel-copse, at evening blazed
The gipsy's faggot : there we stood and gazed ;
Gazed on her sunburnt face with silent awe,
Her tattered mantle and her hood of straw ;
Her moving lips, her cauldron brimming o'er ;
The drowsy brood that on her back she bore,
Imps in the barn with mousing owlet bred,
From rifled roost at nightly revel fed ;
Whose dark eye flashed through locks of blackest
 shade,
When in the breeze the distant watch-dog bayed :—
And heroes fled the Sibyl's muttered call,
Whose elfin prowess scaled the orchard wall.
As o'er my palm the silver piece she drew,
And traced the line of life with searching view,
How throbbed my fluttering pulse with hopes and
 fears,
To learn the colour of my future years !
Ah, then what honest triumph flushed my breast ;
This truth once known—to bless is to be blest !

We led the bending beggar on his way,
(Bare were his feet, his tresses silver grey,)
Soothed the keen pangs his aged spirit felt,
And on his tale with mute affection dwelt.
As in his scrip we dropped our little store,
And sighed to think that little was no more,
He breathed his prayer, " Long may such goodness
live!"

'T was all he gave, 't was all he had to give.
Angels, when mercy's mandate winged their flight,
Had stopt to dwell with pleasure on the sight.
But hark! through those old firs, with sullen
swell,
The church-clock strikes! ye tender scenes, fare-
well!

It calls me hence, beneath their shade to trace
The few fond lines that time may soon efface.

On yon grey stone that fronts the chancel door,
Worn smooth by busy feet now seen no more,
Each eve we shot the marble through the ring,
When the heart danced, and life was in its spring;
Alas! unconscious of the kindred earth
That faintly echoed to the voice of mirth.
The glowworm loves her emerald light to shed,
Where now the sexton rests his hoary head.
Oft as he turned the greensward with his spade,
He lectured every youth that round him played;

And calmly pointing where our fathers lay,
Roused us to rival each the hero of his day.

Hush ! ye fond flutterings, hush ! while here alone
I search the records of each mouldering stone.
Guides of my life ! Instructors of my youth !
Who first unveiled the hallowed form of Truth ;
Whose every word enlightened and endeared :
In age beloved, in poverty revered ;
In Friendship's silent register ye live,
Nor ask the vain memorial Art can give.

THE FAIRIES.

A DREAMLIKE REMEMBRANCE OF A DREAM.

N——.

[EXTRACT.]

UPSPRANG, so sudden and so sweet,
 The cottage Fairy to her feet ;
 And looking round her with a smile,
 Silent the creature paused awhile,
 Uncertain what glad thought should burst
 In music from her spirit first,
 Till, like a breath, breathed clear from heaven,
 To her at once a voice was given,
 And through the tune the words arose
 As through the fragrant dew the leaflets of the rose.

“ Sisters ! I have seen this night
 A hundred cottage fires burn bright,
 And a thousand happy faces shining
 In the bursting blaze and the gleam declining.
 I care not I for the stars above ;
 The lights on earth are the lights I love :

Let Venus bless the evening air,
Uprise at morn Prince Lucifer,
But those little tiny stars be mine
That through the softened copse-wood shine,
With beauty crown the pastoral hill,
And glimmer o'er the sylvan rill,
Where stands the peasant's ivied nest,
And the huge mill-wheel is at rest.
From out the honeysuckle's bloom
I peeped into that laughing room,
Then like a hail-drop on the pane,
Pattering, I stilled the din again,
While every startled eye looked up ;
And, half-raised to her lip the cup,
The rosy maiden's look met mine !
But I veiled mine eyes with the silken twine
Of the small wild roses, clustering thickly ;
Then to her seat returning quickly,
She 'gan to talk with bashful glee
Of fairies 'neath the greenwood tree
Dancing by moonlight, and she blest
Gently our silent land of rest.
The infants playing on the floor
At these wild words their sport gave o'er,
And asked where lived the Cottage-fairy ;
The maid replied, " She loves to tarry
Oftimes beside our very hearth,
And joins in little children's mirth,

When they are gladly innocent ;
And sometimes beneath the leafy tent
That murmurs round our cottage-door,
Our overshadowing sycamore,
We see her dancing in a ring,
And hear the blessed creature sing—
A creature full of gentleness,
Rejoicing in our happiness.”
Then plucked I a wreath with many a gem
Burning—a flowery diadem ;
And through the wicket with a glide
I slipped, and sat me down beside
The youngest of those infants fair,
And wreathed the blossoms round his hair.

“ Who placed these flowers on William’s head ? ”
His little wondering sister said :
“ A wreath not half so bright and gay
Crowned me upon the morn of May,
Queen of that sunny holiday.”
The tiny monarch laughed aloud
With pride among the loving crowd,
And with my shrillest voice I lent
A chorus to their merriment ;
Then, with such murmur as a bee
Makes from a flower-cup suddenly
Borne off into the silent sky,
I skimmed away, and with delight
Sailed down the calm stream of the night,

Till gently as a flake of snow,
 Once more I dropt on earth below,
 And girdled as with a rainbow zone
 The cot beloved, I call mine own

* * * *

—The hushed beehives were still as death,
 And the sleeping doves held fast their breath,
 Nestling together on the thatch ;
 With my wing-tip I raised the latch,
 And there that lovely lady shone,
 In silence sitting all alone,
 Beside the cradle of her child !
 And ever as she gazed she smiled
 On his calm forehead, white as snow :
 I rock'd the cradle to and fro,
 As on the broom the linnet's nest
 Swings to the mild wind from the west ;
 And oft his little hands and breast
 With warm and dewy lips I prest.
 " Sweet Fairy !" the glad mother said,
 And down she knelt as if she prayed—
 While glad was I to hear our name
 Bestowed on such a beauteous frame,
 And with my wings I hid mine eyes,
 Till I saw the weeping kneeler rise
 From her prayer, in holy ecstasies !

Blackwood's Magazine.

THE LITTLE GLEANER.

L. E. L.

VERY fair the child was, with hair of darkest
auburn,—

Fair and yet sunburnt with the golden summer :
Sunshine seemed the element from which she drew
her being.

Careless from her little hand the gathered ears
are scattered,

In a graceful wreath the purple corn-flower binding ;

While her sweet face brightens with a sudden pleasure,

Blame not her binding : already stirs within her

All the deep emotions in the love of nature,—

Love, that is the source of the beautiful and holy.

In long-after years will memory recalling

Sweetness undying from that early garland,

Keep the heart glad with natural devotion.

'Tis a true sweet lesson ; for in life's actual harvest,

Much we need the flowers that mingle with our labours,
Pleasures, pure and simple, recall us to their Giver ;
For ever in its joy does the full heart think of
Heaven.

New Monthly Magazine.

ON A NOBLE CHILD EARLY DEAD.

R. M. MILNES.

FAREWELL to thee, thou swift-departed Stranger,
Weary with little stay,—farewell to thee !
There hung a picture in thy nursery
Of the God-boy, who slumbered in the manger,—
And oft I feared, lest thou shouldst meet the danger,
For pride of wealth or lusted empery,
Of losing that which I so loved to see,
Thy likeness to that picture, lovely stranger.
• Thou hast gone back all pure,—thy every feature
Faithful to what the limner's sacred eye
Portrayed the Son of God ; most blessed creature,
Thy brow unknit by passion, pain, or scorn,
Thine is the special privilege to have borne
The cross of love without the agony.

I N F A N C Y.

ANONYMOUS.

SWEET, lovely infancy !
When every attitude is grace,
The rounded limb, the smiling face,
All charming symmetry.

How the glad mother hears
Another self in its first cry,
Rejoices in its laughing eye,
And weeps in all its tears !

Trying its little power,
It grasps at every shining toy,
Fears not the steel that can destroy,
Or flame that can devour.

Its little, winning way
Secures in every breast a friend :
Hard is the heart, that does not bend,
And feel that gentle sway.

CHILDHOOD.

BY MISS EMILY TAYLOR.

I LOVE to bid myself adieu, with all the motley
train
Of hopes and fears and fancies thick, and be a child
again :
To hear the simple voice proclaim at once the spirit's
thought,
Is it not worth a long, long tale, with utmost labour
wrought !

The joyous, cheaply-purchased mirth, belief so
quickly won,
Complete oblivion of the day, when once its work is
done ;
The free, unburthened strength of soul, given out
each hour anew,
And springing up, as light as air, fresh objects to
pursue.

But better still it is to win a child's confiding love,
Reposing in its perfect peace, as angels rest above ;

Well may the guilty shrink to meet that undeservèd
trust,
But joy to him whose conscience says the childish
faith is just.

There are sweet musings stored for him, upon his
midnight bed ;
Bright faces meet him in his dreams, and hover
round his head ;
The spirit of a younger time leads on to latest years,
And childhood's gay and mirthful song is ever in his
ears.

Joy to him ! Life to all around a cheerless waste
may seem,
A dream of heaven is in his heart, a bright pro-
phetic dream :
Who can destroy *his* bosom's peace, to whom that
lot is given
To feel his spirit peopled thus, and say, " OF SUCH IS
HEAVEN !"

Here is my treasured being : thou wilt love me,
 [Laying his face close to the child's.]
Blest softness ! little hand and little cheek !
This is a touch so sweet ! a blessed touch !
There is love in it ; love that will not change.

SONNET.

ON SEEING A LITTLE CHILD LISTENING TO A COWRIE-SHELL.

H. M. R.

I SEE thee stand, joy beaming in thy eyes,
 In childish wonder fixed, and open wide,
 Whilst in thy slender grasp a shell doth hide,
 That in thine ear its mystic music sighs ;
Whispering of Ocean's charm'd mysteries,
 The thousand bright and graceful forms that glide
 With golden lyres beneath his rolling tide,
 And all the splendour there concealed that lies.
Listening to this low-murmured melody
 Thy guileless heart with sweet delight doth glow ;
 No care, no sin, its work hath wrought on thee,
Marring with discord the perpetual flow
 Of nature's full and perfect harmony,
 Which only purity like thine can know !

TO MY ELDEST DAUGHTER ON HER
BIRTHDAY.

R. R.

[EXTRACT.]

My Child—my first—my own and most dear child !
Thou who didst first convey unto my heart
The strong and sacred feeling, new and strange,
But ardent, tender, full of deep delight,
Of new-born happiness and first-felt joy,
Thee would I bless with all a father's love
On this important day which made thee mine,
And changed my being to its inmost core.

I always loved young children—always felt
That, pure and sinless, as the gifts of God,
They came to bless their parents, and to prove
That 't is “ of such ” are Heaven's kingdom. Yes,
'T was thus I felt when, on my nursing knees,
While yet a boy, or in my youthful arms,
I cherished some sweet babe, the child of those
Whom near relationship or friendship's bonds
(In youth contracted and by time confirmed)
Made dear to me.—When on their eyes I gazed,

The humbled heart is softened and improved.
Those times are passed,—and thou art now my
Friend !

No more an infant, or a playful child,
Thou now canst be companion of my mind,
And lend to me the strength which once I gave,
When thou wert helpless all.

AN EPITAPH ON A CHILDE, SONNE TO
SIR W. H. KNIGHT.

G. WITHER. -

HERE lyes within a cabinet of stone,
The deare remainder of a *pretty one*,
Who did in wit his yeares so farre outpasse,
His parents' wonder, and their joy he was.
And, by his face, you might have deemed him
On earth some heavenly *cherubim* :
For with life he laboured. Then deceast,
To the *Sabbath* of eternal rest.
Which many thousand able men,
Bring for, till three score yeers and ten,
The blessed *child* attained to, ere seaven ;
And now enjoyes it with the saints in Heaven.

STANZAS ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

C. E. DAPONTE.

THOU who art hid for ever from these eyes,
Thou who hast lain so long in that dark sleep,
Unconscious that thy mother still doth weep
Beside thy early tomb with heavy sighs,—
My own fair child, thy voice no more replies
To the accustomed call of her whose tone
Dies on the chilly wind unheard, unknown.

My child, thy spirit bending from the skies,
Can view the wretched in the hour of prayer.
Look on me now—and though it may not be
That I shall trace thy heavenly form in air—
Shadow immortal that I cannot see,
O ! wander round, and I shall deem I hear
Thy low voice whisper—" Weep no more for me."

THE BLIND MUSICIAN'S SON.

CORNELIUS WEBBE.

TWELVE mournful months have passed away,
 And I with grief have striven,
 But find with each receding day,
 The arrow deeper driven!—
 The mother's tears—the father's groan—
 The silence of the friend—
 The agony when left alone,
 Tell not of sorrow's end!—

My cherished boy—my only one—
 My joy in misery—
 My hope in age—my gifted son,
 Would I had died with thee!—
 Thou wert a star unto my way,—
 In blindness, blessed light;
 But now indeed I feel that day
 Is double, double night!

Thy father's friends they all were thine;—
 They loved thy socialness,

The warmth which hailed them thine and mine,
The welcoming caress !—
They miss thee much, but not so much
As he who still must mourn :—
I miss thy kind hand's filial touch,
Which asked the kind return ;—

Where'er I tread I miss thy feet,
Which safely guided mine ;—
I miss thee in the peopled street,
And where the waters shine !
What pleased thine eye, I saw it then—
Thy sight was sight to me ;—
But all that's fair to happier men
Is lost in losing thee !

They told me thou wert comely too ;—
My fingers oft would trace
Thy young and gentle features through,
And find in them a grace,—
A something in thy open brow
Which spoke the enlarging mind ;—
But all my pride with thee is low,
And I am lone and blind !

My sightless orbs will upwards turn,
As if to look for thee

In that far world, which I must earn
 With years of misery!—
I wake the organ's voice, and think
 I hear thee answering :
But down my baffled spirits sink,
 And tears immediate spring !

The tears are vain which then I shed,—
 But who will dare to blame
The grief which bows a father's head,
 That wears a father's name ?
My cherished boy—my only one—
 My joy in misery—
My hope in age—my gifted son,
 Would I had died with thee !

TO A DYING INFANT.

MISS BOWLES.

SLEEP, little baby ! sleep !
Not in thy cradle bed,
Not on thy mother's breast
Henceforth shall be thy rest,
But with the quiet dead.

Yes ! with the quiet dead,
Baby, thy rest shall be !
Oh ! many a weary wight,
Weary of life and light,
Would fain lie down with thee.

Flee, little tender nursling !
Flee to thy grassy nest ;
There the first flowers shall blow,
The first pure flake of snow
Shall fall upon thy breast.

Peace ! peace ! the little bosom
 Labours with shortening breath :—
Peace ! peace ! that tremulous sigh
Speaks his departure nigh !—
 Those are the damps of death.

I 've seen thee in thy beauty,
 A thing all health and glee ;
But never then wert thou
So beautiful as now,
 Baby, thou seem'st to me !

Thine upturned eyes glazed over,
 Like harebells wet with dew—
Already veiled and hid
By the convulsed lid,
 Their pupils darkly blue.

Thy little mouth half open,
 The soft lip quivering,
As if, like summer air,
Ruffling the rose-leaves, there
 Thy soul were fluttering.

Mount up, immortal essence !
 Young spirit, haste, depart !—
And is this death ?—dread thing !—
If such thy visiting,
 How beautiful thou art !

Oh ! I could gaze for ever
Upon that waxen face :
So passionless, so pure !—
The little shrine was sure
An angel's dwelling-place.

Thou weepest, childless mother !
Aye, weep—'t will ease thine heart ;—
He was thy first-born son,
Thy first, thine only one ;
'T is hard from him to part !

'T is hard to lay thy darling
Deep in the damp cold earth,—
His empty crib to see,
His silent nursery,
Once gladsome with his mirth.

To meet again in slumber,
His small mouth's rosy kiss ;
Then, wakened with a start,
By thine own throbbing heart,
His twining arms to miss !

To feel (half-conscious why)
A dull, heart-sinking weight,
Till memory on thy soul
Flashes the painful whole,
That thou art desolate !

And then to lie and weep,
And think the livelong night
(Feeding thine own distress
With accurate greediness)
Of every past delight ;

Of all his winning ways,
His pretty playful smiles,
His joy at sight of thee,
His tricks, his mimicry,—
And all his little wiles !

Oh ! these are recollections
Round mothers' hearts that cling,—
That mingle with the tears
And smiles of after years,
With oft awakening.

But wilt thou then, fond mother !
In after years, look back,
(Time brings such wondrous easing,)
With sadness not unpleasing,
E'en on this gloomy track ?—

Thou 'lt say—" My first-born blessing,
It almost broke my heart
When thou wert forced to go !
And yet for thee, I know,
'T was better to depart.

“ God took thee in his mercy,
A lamb untasked, untried !
He fought the field for thee,
He won the victory,
And thou art sanctified !

“ I look around and see
The evil ways of men ;
And, oh ! beloved child,
I ’m more than reconciled
To thy departure then.

“ The little arms that clasped me,
The innocent lips that pressed,—
Would they have been as pure
Till now, as when of yore
I lulled thee on my breast ?

“ Now like a dewdrop shrined
Within a crystal stone,
Thou ’rt safe in heaven, my dove !
Safe with the Source of love,
The Everlasting One.

“ And when the hour arrives
From flesh that sets me free,
Thy spirit may await
The first at heaven’s gate,
To meet and welcome me.”

ROKEBY.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

[EXTRACT.]

THE tear down childhood's cheek that flows,
Is like the dewdrop on the rose ;
When next the summer breeze comes by,
And waves the bush, the flower is dry.
Won by their care the orphan child
Soon on his new protector smiled,
With dimpled cheek, and eye so fair,
Through his thick curls of flaxen hair ;
But blithest laughed that cheek and eye,
When Rokeby's little maid was nigh ;
'T was his, with elder brother's pride,
Matilda's tottering steps to guide ;
His native lays, in Irish tongue,
To soothe her infant ear he sung,
And primrose twined with daisy fair,
To form a chaplet for her hair.
By lawn, by grove, by brooklet's strand,
The children still were hand-in-hand,
And good Sir Richard smiling eyed
The early knot so kindly tied.

THE CHILD'S FIRST GRIEF.

MRS. HEMANS.

“ Oh ! call my brother back to me,
I cannot play alone,
The summer comes with flower and bee,—
Where is my brother gone ?

“ The butterfly is glancing bright
Across the sunbeam's track ;
I care not now to chase its flight—
Oh ! call my brother back !

“ The flowers run wild—the flowers we sowed
Around our garden-tree ;
Our vine is drooping with its load—
Oh ! call him back to me !”

“ He would not hear my voice, fair child !
He may not come to thee ;
The face that once like spring-time smiled,
On earth no more thou'lt see.

“ A rose's brief, bright light of joy,
Such unto him was given ;—
Go ! thou must play alone, my boy !
Thy brother is in heaven.”

“ And has he left his birds and flowers ?
And must I call in vain ?
And through the long, long summer hours,
Will he not come again ?

“ And by the brook, and in the glade,
Are all our wanderings o'er ?—
Oh ! while my brother with me played,
Would I had loved him more !”

THE LITTLE SHROUD.

L. E. L.

SHE put him on a snow-white shroud,
A chaplet on his head,
And gathered early primroses
To scatter o'er the dead.

She laid him in his little grave—
'T was hard to lay him there,
When spring was putting forth its flowers,
And everything was fair.

She had lost many children—now
The last of them was gone ;
And day and night she sat and wept
Beside the funeral stone.

One midnight, while her constant tears
Were falling with the dew,
She heard a voice, and lo ! her child
Stood by her, weeping too !

His shroud was damp, his face was white :
He said,—“ I cannot sleep,
Your tears have made my shroud so wet ;
O mother, do not weep !”

Oh, love is strong !—the mother’s heart
Was filled with tender fears ;
Oh, love is strong !—and for her child
Her grief restrained its tears.

One eve a light shone round her bed,
And there she saw him stand—
Her infant in his little shroud,
A taper in his hand.

“ Lo ! mother, see my shroud is dry,
And I can sleep once more !”
And beautiful the parting smile
The little infant wore.

And down within the silent grave
He laid his weary head ;
And soon the early violets
Grew o’er his grassy bed.

The mother went her household ways—
Again she knelt in prayer,
And only asked of Heaven its aid
Her heavy lot to bear.

A CHILD'S DREAM.

BERNARD BARTON.

WHAT know we of the glorious lights which bless
 an infant's dream ?

Or could we guess them, what more meet to be a
 poet's theme ?

The hope that e'en a glimpse of such my numbers
 might make known,
 To fond imagination brings a day-dream of its own.

'T is of a child of five years old, upon whose peaceful
 sleep

Fair visions of another world with silent footsteps
 creep ;

Soft as the dew on summer flowers, or moonlight on
 the sea,

The influence of that blissful dream to fancy seems
 to be.

The cheek, upon the pillow prest, wears joy's delight-
 ful tinge,

The eyes are closed, yet joy's bright tear steals through
 the eyelid's fringe ;

The lips are voiceless, yet they wear the sweetest
smile of bliss—

A smile so sweet it well might chide the fondest
mother's kiss.

Thou happy sleeper ! might I tell where now thy
spirit roams,

The lot it shares—how poor would seem the joys of
proudest domes !

Fame, wealth, and grandeur never yet a pleasure
could impart

So pangless and so pure as those which now possess
thy heart.

For thou art in the land of thought, and far hast left
behind

The fading happiness of earth for raptures more re-
fined :

Thine seems a foretaste of the boon appointed for the
blest,

“ Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the
weary are at rest.”

Thy spirit's yet unfolded bud may seem too young
to share

The full effulgence of the light which bursts around
thee there ;

Thy "vital spark of heavenly flame" may shine with
trembling ray
Amid the sunless, moonless blaze of heaven's un-
clouded day.

Yet in thy measure, fancy deems thy soul may now
partake
Those glories which the harps and songs of angels
ever wake ;
And to thy sight unconsciously are transient glimpses
given,
Whose bright beatitudes fulfil a child's sweet dream
of heaven.

And is it not a lovely scene that greets thy vision
now,—
Where gratitude warms every breast, and joy lights
every brow ?
Where tears are wiped from every eye, and sickness
comes not near,
And hope, in certainty fulfilled, has banished every
fear ?

What seest thou in that realm sublime ? the spirits
of the just
Made perfect through the blood of Him in whom
they placed their trust ?

The tuneful seraph-host that raised their songs
around the throne,
Giving to God and to the Lamb the praise that is
their own ?

Or look'st thou on the Tree of Life, whose foliage yet
may heal
The nations, and the earlier curse of Eden's tree
repeal ?
Or gazest thou upon that stream, like clearest crystal
bright,
Proceeding from Jehovah's throne, and glorious from
His light ?

Vain though it seems to ask or think what sights
and forms divine
May rise in slumber's tranquil hour on spirits pure
as thine,
Not wholly so, if, while he sings, within the min-
strel's soul
The influence of such heavenly themes may earth-
born cares control.

Sleep, happy dreamer ! sleep in peace ; and may thy
mental powers
By visions such as these be nursed for future waking
hours :

240 LOOK ON ME WITH THY CLOUDLESS EYES.

That so from death's last dreamless sleep thy spirit
may ascend
To know the fulness of all joy, in glory without
end.

LOOK ON ME WITH THY CLOUDLESS
EYES.

MRS. HEMANS.

Look on me with thy cloudless eyes,
Truth in their dark transparence lies ;
Their sweetness gives me back the tears,
And the free trust of early years—
My gentle child !

The spirit of my infant prayer
Shines in the depths of quiet there ;
And home and love once more are mine,
Found in that dewy calm divine,
My gentle child !

Oh ! heaven is with thee in thy dreams,
Its light by day around thee gleams :
Thy smile hath gifts from vernal skies :—
Look on me with thy cloudless eyes,
My gentle child !

TO A CHILD.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

WHOSE imp art thou, with dimpled cheek
 And curly pate, and merry eye,
 And arm and shoulders round and sleek,
 And soft and fair, thou urchin sly ?

What boots it who with sweet caresses,
 First called thee *his*, or squire or hind ?
 For thou in every wight that passes
 Dost now a friendly playmate find.

Thy downcast glances, grave, but cunning,
 As fringed eyelids rise and fall,
 Thy shyness, swiftly from me running,
 'Tis infantine coquetry all !

But far afield thou hast not flown,
 With mocks and threats, half-lisped, half-
 spoken ;—
 I feel thee pulling at my gown—
 Of right good will thy simple token.

And thou must laugh and wrestle too,—
A mimic warfare with me waging !
To make, as wily lovers do,
Thy after kindness more engaging :

The wilding-rose—sweet as thyself,—
And new-cropt daisies are thy treasure ;—
I'd gladly part with worldly pelf
To taste again thy youthful pleasure.

But yet, for all thy merry look,
Thy frisks and wiles, the time is coming,
When thou shalt sit in cheerless nook,
The weary spell, or horn-book thumbing.

Well, let it be ! through weal and woe,
Thou know'st not now thy future range ;
Life is a motley shifting show :—
And thou a thing of hope and change.

TO AN ABSENT CHILD.

ANONYMOUS.

WHERE art thou, bird of song ?
 Brightest one, and dearest !
 Other groves among,
 Other nests thou cheerest.
 Sweet thy warbling skill
 To each ear that heard thee,
 But 't was sweetest still
 To the heart that reared thee.

Lamb ! where dost thou rest ?
 On stranger bosoms lying ?
 Flowers thy path that drest
 Now uncropped are dying,
 Streams where thou didst roam
 Murmur on without thee ;
 Lovest thou still thy home ?
Can thy mother doubt thee ?

Seek thy Saviour's flock,
 To his blest fold going,
Seek that smitten rock
 Whence our peace is flowing.
Still should love rejoice,
 Whatsoe'er betide thee,
If that Shepherd's voice
 Evermore would guide thee.

TO A CHILD, SIX YEARS OLD, DURING
SICKNESS.

LEIGH HUNT.

SLEEP breathes at last from out thee,
My patient little boy ;
And balmy rest about thee
Smooths off the day's annoy.
I sit me down and think
Of all thy winning ways ;
Yet almost wish, with sudden shrink,
That I had less to praise.

Thy sidelong pillowed meekness,
Thy thanks to all that aid,
Thy heart in pain and weakness,
Of fancied faults afraid ;
The little trembling hand
That wipes thy quiet tears,
These, these are things that may demand
Dread memories for years.

Sorrows I've had, severe ones,
I will not think of now,
And calmly, 'midst my dear ones,
Have wasted with dry brow ;
But when thy fingers press
And pat my stooping head,
I cannot bear the gentleness,
The tears are in their bed.

Ah, first-born of thy mother,
When life and hope were new,
Kind playmate of thy brother,
Thy sister, father, too ;
My light where'er I go,
My bird when prison-bound,
My hand-in-hand companion, no,
My prayers shall hold thee round.

To say, "He has departed,—
His voice—his face, is gone,"
To feel impatient-hearted,
Yet feel we must bear on ;
Ah, I could not endure
To whisper of such woe,
Unless I felt this sleep ensure,
That it will not be so.

Yes, still he's fixed and sleeping ;
This silence too the while—
Its very hush and creeping,
Seem whispering us a smile ;—
Something divine and dim
Seems going by one's ear,
Like parting wings of cherubim,
Who say, " We've finished here."

KING RICHARD III.

SHAKSPEARE.

[EXTRACT.]

" O THUS," quoth Dighton, " lay the gentle babes."
" Thus, thus," quoth Forrest, " girdling one another
Within their alabaster innocent arms :
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
Which, in their summer beauty, kissed each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay ;
Which once," quoth Forrest, " almost changed my
mind ;
But, O the devil!"—there the villain stopped ;
When Dighton thus told on : " We smothered
The most replenished sweet work of nature,
That, from the prime creation, e'er she framed."

A FOREST SCENE.

IN THE DAYS OF WICKLIFFE.

MARY HOWITT.

[EXTRACT.]

A LITTLE child, she read a book
Beside an open door,
And, as she read page after page,
She wondered more and more.

Her little finger gracefully
Went pointing out the place ;
Her golden locks hung drooping down
And shadowed half her face.

The open book lay on her knee,
Her eyes on it were bent ;
And as she read page after page,
The colour came and went.

She sat upon a mossy stone,
At an open door beside ;
And round for miles on every hand
Stretched out a forest wide.

The summer sun shone on the trees,
The deer lay in the shade ;
And overhead the singing birds
Their pleasant clamour made.

There was no garden round the house,
And it was low and small ;
The forest sward grew to the door,
The lichens on the wall.

There was no garden round about,
Yet flowers were growing free,
The cowslip and the daffodil,
Upon the forest lea.

The butterfly went flitting by,
The bees were in the flowers,
But the little child sate stedfastly,
As she had sate for hours.

“ Why sit you here, my little maid ? ”
An aged pilgrim spake ;
The child looked upward from her book,
Like one but just awake.

Back fell her locks of golden hair,
And solemn was her look,
As thus she answered witlessly,
“ Oh, sir, I read this book ! ”

“ And what is there within that book
To win a child like thee ?
Up, join thy mates, the merry birds,
And frolic with the bee !”

“ Nay, sir, I cannot leave this book,
I love it more than play :
I have read all legends, but this one
Ne’er saw I till this day.

“ And there is something in this book
That makes all care be gone,
And yet I weep, I know not why,
As I go reading on.”

“ Who art thou, child, that thou shouldst read
A book with mickle heed ?
Books are for clerks—the king himself
Hath much ado to read !”

“ My father is a forester,
A bowman keen and good ;
He keeps the deer within their bound,
And worketh in the wood.

“ My mother died at Candlemas,
The flowers are all in blow
Upon her grave at Allonby,
Down in the vale below.”

This said, unto her book she turned,
As stedfast as before ;
“ Nay,” said the pilgrim, “ nay, not yet ;
And you must tell me more.

“ Who was it taught you thus to read ?”
“ Ah, sir, it was my mother,—
She taught me both to read and spell,
And so she taught my brother.

“ My brother dwells at Allonby,
With the good monks alway ;
And this new book he brought to me,
But only for one day.

“ Oh, sir, it is a wondrous book,
Better than Charlemagne ;
And, be you pleased to leave me now,
I’ll read it o’er again.”

“ Nay, read to me,” the pilgrim said ;
And the little child went on,
To read of Christ, as was set forth
In the gospel of St. John.

On, on, she read, and gentle tears
Adown her cheeks did slide ;
The pilgrim sate, with bended head,
And he wept at her side.

“ I ’ ve heard,” said he, “ the archbishop,
I ’ ve heard the Pope of Rome,
But never did their spoken words
Thus to my spirit come !

“ The book, it is a blessed book !
Its name, what may it be ? ”
She said, “ They are the words of Christ
That I have read to thee ;
Now done into the English tongue
For folk unlearned as we ! ”

“ Sancta Maria ! ” said the man,
“ Our canons have decreed
That this is an unholy book
For simple folk to read !

“ Sancta Maria ! blessed be God !
Had this good book been mine,
I need not have gone on pilgrimage
To holy Palestine !

“ Give me the book, and let me read ;
My soul is strangely stirred ;
They are such words of love and truth
As ne’er before I heard ! ”

The little girl gave up the book,
And the pilgrim, old and brown,

With reverend lips did kiss the page,
Then on the stone sat down.

And aye, he read page after page ;
Page after after page he turned,
And as he read their blessed words,
His heart within him burned.

Still, still the book the old man read,
As he would ne'er have done ;
From the hour of noon he read the book
Unto the set of sun.

The little child she brought him out
A cake of wheaten bread :
But it lay unbroke at eventide ;
Nor did he raise his head,
Until he every written page
Within the book had read.

Then came the sturdy forester
Unto the pilgrim poor :
The old man rose with thoughtful brow,
And entered at the door.

The two they sat them down to meat,
And the pilgrim 'gan to tell
How he had eaten on Olivet,
And drank at Jacob's well.

And then he told how he had knelt
Where'er our Lord had prayed ;
How he had in the garden been,
And the tomb where he was laid ;

And then he turned unto the book,
And read in English plain,
How Christ had died on Calvary,
How he had risen again ;

And all his comfortable words,
His deeds of mercy all,
He read, and of the widow's mite,
And the poor prodigal.

As water to the parched soil,
As to the hungry, bread ;
So fell upon the woodman's soul
Each word the pilgrim read.

Thus, through the midnight did they read
Until the dawn of day ;
And then came in the woodman's son
To fetch the book away.

All quick and troubled was his speech,
His face was pale with dread,
For he said " The king had made a law
That the book must not be read,—
For it was such fearful heresy,
The holy abbot said."

TO MY LITTLE COUSIN, WITH HER
FIRST BONNET.

MISS BOWLES.

FAIRIES! guard the baby's bonnet!—
Set a special watch upon it;
Elfin people! to your care
I commit it, fresh and fair;
Neat as neatness,—white as snow,—
See ye keep it ever so.

Watch and ward set all about,—
Some within, and some without:
Over it with dainty hand,
On her kirtle green expand;
Two or three about the bow
Vigilant concern bestow.
A score at least, on either side,
'Gainst evil accident provide;—
Fall, or jar, or overlay;
And so the precious charge convey

Through all the dangers of the way.
But when *those* are battled through,
Fairies, more remains to do ;
Ye must gift before ye go,
The bonnet and the babe also.

Gift it to protect her well,
Fays, from all malignant spell ;
Charms and seasons to defy.
Blighting wind and evil eye.
And the bonny babe ! on her
All your choicest gifts confer ;
Just as much of wit and sense
As may be hers, without pretence ;
Just as much of grace and beauty
As shall not interfere with duty ;
Just as much of sprightliness
As shall companion gentleness ;
Just as much light-hearted cheer,
As may be melted to a tear ;
By a word, a tone, a look,—
Pity's touch, or Love's rebuke.
As much of frankness, bland and free,
As may consort with modesty ;
As much of feeling as will bear
Of after life the wear and tear ;
As much of life—but, Fairies ! there
Ye vanish into thinnest air !

And with ye parts the playful vein,
That loved a light and trivial strain.

Befits me better, babe! for thee
To invoke Almighty agency—
Almighty love—Almighty power,
To nurture up the human flower ;
To cherish it with heavenly dew,
Sustain with earthly blessings too ;
And when the ripe, full time shall be,
Engraft it on eternity.

A JEWISH FAMILY.

(In a small valley opposite Saint Goar, upon the Rhine.)

WORDSWORTH.

GENIUS of Raphael ! if thy wings
 Might bear thee to this glen,
 With faithful memory left of things
 To pencil dear, and pen,
 Thou wouldst forego the neighbouring Rhine
 And all his majesty—
 A studious forehead to incline
 O'er this poor family.

The mother—her thou must have seen,
 In spirit, ere she came
 To dwell these rifted rocks between,
 Or found on earth a name ;
 An image, too, of that sweet boy,
 Thy inspirations give—
 Of playfulness, and love, and joy,
 Predestined here to live.

Downcast, or shooting glances far,
How beautiful his eyes,
That blend the nature of the star
With that of summer skies !
I speak as if of sense beguiled ;
Uncounted months are gone,
Yet am I with the Jewish child,
That exquisite Saint John.

I see the dark-brown curls, the brow,
The smooth transparent skin,
Refined, as with intent to show
The holiness within ;
The grace of parting infancy
By blushes yet untamed ;
Age faithful to the mother's knee,
Nor of her arms ashamed.

Two lovely sisters, still and sweet
As flowers, stand side by side ;
Their soul-subduing looks might cheat
The Christian of his pride ;
Such beauty hath the Eternal poured
Upon them, not forlorn,
Though of a lineage once abhorred,
Nor yet redeemed from scorn.

Mysterious safeguard, that, in spite
Of poverty and wrong,
Doth here preserve a living light,
From Hebrew fountains sprung ;
That gives this ragged group to cast
Around the dell a gleam
Of Palestine, of glory past,
And proud Jerusalem !

PRIMITIÆ.

TO I. D. C——.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

SWEET child, I write, because I wish to see
In thy unspotted book, my jogged hand,
The rudest sketch and primal prophecy—
Of what thy wit may win, or sense command.
Some men would tell thee that thy soul was yet
An album, open for all men to write in—
I deem not so—for thou canst not forget
What now thou art, and what I most delight in.
Ere thou wert born “into this breathing world,”
God wrote some characters upon thy heart ;
Oh let them not, like beads of dew impearled
On morning blades, before the noon depart !—
But morning drops before the noon exhale,
And yet those drops appear again at even,
So childish innocence on earth must fail—
Yet may return to usher thee to Heaven.

Rothay Bank.

SONNET.

T O L. C ———.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

I WOULD not take my leave of thee, dear child,
 With customary words of compliment ;
 Nor will I task my fancy to invent
 A fond conceit, or sentence finely filed—
 Nor shall my heart with passionate speech and wild
 Bewail thy parting in a drear lament :
 Wit is not meet for one so innocent,
 Nor passionate woe for one so gaily mild.
 I will not bid thee think of me—nor yet
 Would I in thy young memory perish quite.
 I am a waning star, and nigh to set ;
 Thou art a morning beam of waxing light ;
 But sure the morning star can ne'er regret
 That once 't was grey-haired evening's favourite.

Grasmere.

A CHILD'S FIRST IMPRESSION OF A
STAR.

N. P. WILLIS.

SHE had been told that God made all the stars
That twinkled up in heaven ; and now she stood
Watching the coming of the twilight on,
As if it were a new and perfect world,
And this were its first eve. How beautiful
Must be the work of nature to a child
In its first impression ! Laura stood
By the low window, with the silken lash
Of her soft eye upraised, and her sweet mouth
Half parted, with the new and strange delight
Of beauty that she could not comprehend,
And had not seen before. The purple fold
Of the low sunset clouds, and the blue sky
That looked so still and delicate above,
Filled her young heart with gladness ; and the
eve
Stole on with its deep shadows. Laura still
Stood looking at the west with that half smile,
As if a pleasant thought were at her heart.

Presently, in the edge of the last tint
Of sunset, where the blue was melted in
To the faint golden mellowness—a star
Peep'd suddenly. A laugh of wild delight
Burst from her lips, and putting up her hands,
Her simple thoughts broke forth expressively—
“ Father, dear father ! God has made a star ! ”

TO MY LITTLE SON ON HIS LEAVING HOME.

H. M. R.

WORLD that a mother's prayers could take the form
Of guardian angels, hover o'er thy head,
Be round thy path where'er thy footsteps tread,
And shield my child from every outward storm,
From grief, or aught of ill that might deform
That innocence and inward peace, which shed
A joy in his young heart—where is no dread
No guile, nor sin, but thoughts all pure and warm !
And is there not, child of my cherished love
And fondest hopes, an unseen heavenly band
Of guardian spirits, sent by Him above,
Who hath for thee, for all, a father's care ?
Ye *can* not “ perish,” for your “ angels ” stand
Before God's “ face,” and of His Spirit are !

TYROCINIUM.

COWPER.

[EXTRACT.]

BE it a weakness, it deserves some praise,
We love the play-place of our early days ;
The scene is touching, and the heart is stone
That feels not at that sight, and feels at none.
The wall on which we tried our graving skill,
The very name we carved subsisting still ;
The bench on which we sat, while deep employed,
Tho' mangled, hacked, and hewed, not yet destroyed :
The little ones, unbuttoned, glowing hot,
Playing our games, and on the very spot,
As happy as we once, to kneel and draw
The chalky ring, and knuckle down at taw ;
To pitch the ball into the grounded hat,
Or drive it devious with a dexterous pat ;
The pleasing spectacle at once excites
Such recollection of our own delights,
That viewing it, we seem almost t' obtain
Our innocent sweet simple years again.

TO A CHILD BLOWING BUBBLES.

ALARIC A. WATTS.

“ Oh that I were once more a careless child.”

COLERIDGE.

THRICE happy babe! what golden dreams are thine,
 As thus thou bid'st thine air-born bubbles soar!—
 Who would not wisdom's choicest gifts resign,
 To be like thee, “ a careless child ” once more !—

To share thy simple sports, thy sinless glee,
 Thy breathless wonder, thy unfeigned delight,—
 As one by one those sun-touched glories flee,
 In swift succession, from thy straining sight !—

To feel a power within himself to make,
 Like thee, a rainbow wheresoe'er he goes ;
 To dream of sunshine, and like thee to wake
 To brighter visions from his charmed repose ?

Who would not give his all of worldly lore,
 The hard-earned fruits of many a toil and care,—
 Might he but thus the faded past restore,—
 Thy guileless thoughts and blissful ignorance
 share ?

Yet life hath bubbles too,—that soothe awhile
The sterner dreams of man's maturer years ;
Love, Friendship, Fortune, Fame, by turn beguile,
But melt 'neath Truth's Ithuriel touch to tears !

Thrice happy child ! a brighter lot is thine !
(What new illusion e'er can match the first ?)
We weep to see each cherished hope decline ;
Thy mirth is loudest when thy bubbles burst !

Literary Souvenir, 1831.

THE MOTHER'S PRAYER.

MISS ROSCOE.

THE mother's face, it is pale with care,
Though lighted with smiles such as mothers wear :
Though sickly the hue which is on the brow,
The eye beams with love and with joy below ;
There's a hope and a trust in that mother's heart—
She does not dream of the hour to part.

And now she has bended her knee to pray,
While sickness is wasting her life away ;
Her hands are folded in fervent love,
Her spirit's desire is borne above ;
O ! not for herself those pleadings deep—
For the health of her child in his rosy sleep.

For him with the bright and the sunny face,
Which daily ripens in bloom and grace ;
Oh ! her dreams are all of his future years :
She fancies his griefs with a mother's tears ;
And yet at his smile sweet visions play,
To chase all those sadder thoughts away.

She prays that a father's love may shrine
His opening youth with a trust divine ;
That the world in its varied forms of ill
May never his guileless bosom fill,
But all unsullied, the heavenly flame
May return to Him from whom it came.

O ! more and earnest that mother's prayer
As her sighs are breathed on the midnight air :
Her own sad fate she has all forgot,—
The unkindness that wounds her daily lot ;
The neglect that leaves her to weep unknown ;—
Her heart is full of her child alone.

And the prayer is heard—it is traced above,
In the glowing light of a mother's love ;
A few short days—she must fade and die,
And the baby will heed not her farewell sigh ;
But when she is laid in her youthful grave,
That prayer shall have power to shield and save.

O human love ! what a load it would be,
Fearful and sad, to cherish thee,
In a world where all things lovely fly
The delighted gaze of the dreamer's eye,
But for the hope that cannot fade,
For the clear bright faith that knows no shade !

For there is a land where the smile is true,
 Where the cheek has ever a healthy hue,—
 Where the heart for unkindness weeps no more,
 And the thousand fears of earth are o'er ;
 And in that land, oh ! is it not sweet
 To think that the mother and child will meet ?

ON A CHILD SLEEPING IN A THUNDER-
 STORM.

THE REV. J. JOHNS.

BEAUTIFUL innocence, that thus can sleep,
 While the sky flushes pale, like hate in ire ;
 And near and nearer, deeper and more deep,
 The thunder's roar fills up the chasms of fire !
 Thou art a type of that we should desire,
 Were our desires and wisdom's one—of peace,
 Centred within, that no commotion dire
 Can from without unsettle—that at ease
 (Like the Christ sleeping on the battling seas,
 Or thou beneath the thunder, gentle child,)
 Into its own calm depths can turn, and please
 Itself with its own heavenly dreams, though wild
 The lightnings quiver and the thunders roll :—
 Yes, the true fearless is the guiltless soul.

THE POET'S BIRTH-NIGHT.

THERE 's joy in yonder Cottage-home, half hid
 By the tall lindens o'er the roof which towers ;
 There 's light in every window-pane, amid
 Its veil of rose and honeysuckle flowers ;
 There 's joy for perils past, for bliss possessed.
 Three laid them down at evening there to rest,—
 Four shall awaken to the sun at morn,
 For lo !—to hope and fear, an infant one is born !

An infant one !—could such a stranger bless
 The dreary silence of the Baron's hall,
 Lighting with cherub smile the loneliness
 Of gloomy court and turret grey and tall ;
 How would glad trumpets spread abroad the tale,
 And blazing bonfires light the narrow vale ;
 And costly jewels pile the chapel shrine,
 To hail the new-born heir of that old waning line !

A deeper, purer gratitude is here,
 Though not by beacon-blaze or trumpet told,
 For love—the love which never learned to fear—
 Doth that small band in golden circlet hold ;

And he, that welcome Babe, though not with
down
Of the white Arctic birds his couch be strewn,
A lip so rose-like and a brow so fair,
A queen might well be proud upon her breast to
bear!

Upon that night, so beautiful and mild,
When heaven was all one cloud of stars and dew,
The night that did awake the peasant child
To earth,—a fairy region bright and new,
A lonely wanderer came to muse and dream
Beside the mirror of the wide clear stream,
And by the witchery of that hour unsealed,
To his enchanted eye a vision was revealed.

The blue heavens parted—like the crystal arch
Cleft by the prophet's rod who smote the sea,
And from their burning depths in stately march
Came slowly forth a solemn company,
Each with his lyre of gold, his robe of snow,
A wreath of laurel circled every brow,
And swelled the increasing strain of many lyres,
As on their way they past our mighty Poet slow.

And first among the great and gifted came
The seers of olden time, to whom 't was given
To see the Highest in his car of flame
And hear his voice in the still groves at even,

Who spoke his messages to despot kings,
And bade destroying angels wave their wings,—
And when to heaven their hands in prayer were
spread,
Huge crime-stained cities fell, and haughty hosts lay
dead—

And followed close behind the prophet throng,
The old blind Bard who sang the tale of Troy,
The mighty monarch of the lyric song ;
And she who died enamoured of a boy,
The Lesbian swan—and many a Grecian bard
Whose song and name have passed from the regard
Of vain capricious Fame, with those whose lays
With Rome's proud triumphs swept along her mar-
ble ways.

And there were more than these ;—there came the
shade

Of him, whose Hippogryff uncurbed by rein,
As some wild child, amid a garden played,
Through the gay fields of fancy's rich domain,
Who sung of mad Orlando's feats ; and he
The Holy city's bard, elate and free ;
And he, the lofty one whom Beatrice led
Through the dark spirit-land to commune with the
dead.

And our own blessed land had sent her sons
To join that throng of sainted and of free.
Methinks the music of those mighty ones
Was taught them by the proud resounding sea
Whose steady surges swept their island shore,
And far the red-cross flag to victory bore :
Those were the bards whose names, in childhood's
hour,
We heard, as wisest words of reverence and of
power.

Yes !—all the poets born since earth was young,
From him who found upon the lonely shore
The sun-dyed shell, and poured his heaven-taught
song
To its rude chords, then wild with rapture bore
The new sweet art among his fellow-men,
To him whose voice we hoped to hear again,
(So late his glory faded from our eyes,)
Were there — a radiant quire amid the burning
skies.

And round that cottage-home, in circle bright,
Paused they with one accord — and roof and
tree
Caught the effulgence of that blessed light,
And blazed a marvel beautiful to see,

Upon the twilight earth—and, on the breeze,
Their voices like the sound of many seas
To melody—in moonlight's stillness swelling,
Rose high in solemn chant above that lowly dwelling.

“ Hail, newly born ! ” they sang : “ another star
Hath come to light the cold earth's heaven 'in
thee ;

A lover's lamp—a guide for wanderers far,
The sages' hope—the joy of land and sea,
They little dream whose eyes
Behold it now arise,
How lofty and how bright its course shall be ;
How angels at its birth
Look down and bless the earth,
And on their sapphire thrones hold joyous jubilee !

“ Rejoice, rejoice !—hail fair and infant one !
But with a nobler dower than beauty's blest,—
Hail loved and cherished child !—not rich alone
In the deep fondness of thy mother's breast ;
Thou hast a gift within thee
Whose mightiness shall win thee
An empire and a glory and a sway ;
A throne that far transcends
That king's whose realm extends
From where the sun awakes, to where he sinks away.

“ Thou little knowest, fair child ! what brilliant
dreams

Shall bless thy sleeping couch ; or of the hours
When thy young eye shall open to the beams
Which point thy path to fancy's fairest flowers ;
When thy small hand shall hold
The keys of pearl and gold,
Of gorgeous fairy lands, by man untrod,
And thou shalt enter there
Beyond the reach of care,
And hold communion high with nature and with
God !

“ Then shall the woods to thee be full of song,
And rivers murmur melody on their way,
And, taught by these, thy spirit shall grow strong,
And pour its passion in an answering lay :
Some downy-footed wind
Thy hiding-place shall find,
And learn thy music as it listens near ;
And bear it on its wings
To palaces of kings,
Till Pleasure leave her feasts, and Power his throne,
to hear.

“ Then shall hoar Learning to thine eyes unfold
The scrolls which Time hath gathered in his flight,

The vast and varied chronicles of old ;
And Fame, from legend-book with pictures bright,
Of valiant deeds shall tell ;
And to her cloister cell
Ancient Romance thy pilgrim-feet shall lead,
And chant the stirring rhymes
Of old chivalrous times,
And lend thee for thy flight her wand and winged
steed.

“ Go on thy way rejoicing !—storms and clouds
May dim thy path—they *shall* not break thy
lyre :
Fear them not, bright one !—from the sordid crowds
Which blacken earth, to loftier worlds aspire ;
And stay thy mounting wings
Beside the living springs
By whose clear fountains dwells the spirit of
song ;
There's neither pain nor care
To break thy shelter there,
Nor fraud to pierce thy heart, nor hand to work thee
wrong.

“ Fear them not, bright one ! destiny for thee
Hath hung her fairest omen in the sky ;
Thy meteor flight the wondering world shall see,
But not behold thy meteor glory die ;

For long as on the earth
Is left one blazing hearth,
One knee to bow to God at night or morn,
Thy memory shall live on,
And sire shall teach his son
To bless the summer night when such a star was
born."

TO ONE OF THE AUTHOR'S CHILDREN
ON HIS BIRTHDAY.

Aug. 27, 1825.

MRS. HEMANS.

THOU wakest from happy sleep to play
With bounding heart, my boy !
Before thee lies a long bright day
Of summer and of joy.

Thou hast no heavy thought or dream
To cloud thy fearless eye ;—
Long be it thus—life's early stream
Should still reflect the sky.

Yet ere the cares of life lie dim
On thy young spirit's wings,
Now in thy morn forget not Him
From whom each pure thought springs !

So in the onward vale of tears
Where'er thy path may be,
When strength hath bowed to evil years—
He will remember thee.

THE PEASANT CHILDREN.

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE.

R. EDMONSTONE.

EVERYWHERE—everywhere,
Like the butterfly's silver wings,
That are seen by all in the summer air,
We meet with these beautiful things !
And the low sweet lisp of the baby-child
By a thousand hills is heard,
And the voice of the young heart's laughter wild
As the voice of the singing-bird !

The cradle rocks in the peasant's cot
As it rocks in the noble's hall,
And the brightest gift in the loftiest lot
Is a gift that is given to all ;—
For the sunny light of childhood's eyes
Is a boon like the common air,
And like the sunshine of the skies,
It falleth everywhere !

They tell us this old earth no more
By angel feet is trod,
That they bring not now, as they brought of yore,
The oracles of God :—
Oh ! each of these young human flowers
God's own high message bears,
And we are walking, all our hours,
With “ angels unawares !”

By stifling street and breezy hill
We meet their spirit-mirth :
That such bright shapes should linger till
They take the stains of earth !
Oh ! play not those a blessed part,
To whom the boon is given
To leave their errand with the heart,
And straight return to heaven !

THE MOTHER TO HER CHILD.

FROM "THE BIRTHDAY GIFT."

MISS M. A. BROWNE.

THEY speak of thee, my child, they speak of thee,
Thou whom love could not save :
Thou, who art lying in the silent grave,
Far, far away from me !

They think, because they see my brow is calm,
That I can bear to hear
Thy name ; that when I shed the lonely tear,
'Tis turned by time to balm.

Alas, alas ! my child, my precious child !
I struggle to be still ;
I pray that I may bow to Heaven's high will,
With meekness undefiled ;

But, spite of all my words of hope and trust,
Fresh as it ever was,
I have the truth before me,—thou, alas !
Art lying in the dust.

In the cold dust, thine eyes, thy sunny hair,
Thy lips, thy little hands !
Child, child ! around my heart are still thy bands,
They draw me to thee there.

My first, my only babe ! 'Tis agony,
This aching at my heart ;
Whene'er I think on what thou wast and art,
Mine own and lost to me !

Come back to me, my child ! but for one hour,
Back to thy mother's arms,
In all thy spotless innocence and charms,
My bright, my budding flower !

But bring no light from heaven around thee shed ;
Come as thou wast on earth,
My blessing ! with thy childish voice of mirth,
And shout and dancing tread.

Yet ere thou goest, put on thy glory, child !
Let me behold thy brow,
With the unfading flowers that crown it now,
Beaming with radiance mild.

And oh ! my babe, if that above forgiven
Thy mother's sorrows be,
Pray, pray for her, that she may come to thee,
And share thy bliss in heaven !

SONNET.

ON THE DEATH OF AN ONLY CHILD.

MRS. JEVONS.

“ It is not the will of our Father which is in heaven that one of
these little ones should perish.”

THE day is beautiful, and nature springs
To life and light again,—where art thou gone,
In thy young bloom, my own, my lovely one ?
Nor sun, nor balmy air thy image brings
To bless my loving eyes. The violet flings
Its rath perfume around, sweet warblers own
Their joy in varied song ; yet sad, alone,
Can I rejoice, when all surrounding things
Tell of thy opening beauty, shrouded now
In the cold precincts of the silent tomb ?
I did not think to weep thy early doom,
My best beloved ! yet would I meekly bow
To His decree, who, in the words of love,
“ She will not perish,” whispers from above.

CASABIANCA.

MRS. HEMANS.

THE boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but him had fled ;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck
Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm ;
A creature of heroic blood,
A proud, though child-like form.

The flames rolled on—he would not go,
Without his father's word ;
That father faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.

He called aloud, “ Say, father, say
If yet my task is done ?”—
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

“Speak, father!” once again he cried,
“If I may yet begone!”—
And but the burning shots replied,
And fast the flames roll’d on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair;
And look’d from that lone post of death
In still, yet brave despair.

And shouted but once more aloud,
“My father! must I stay?”
While o’er him fast, through sail and shroud,
The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapt the ship in splendour wild,
They caught the flag on high,
And stream’d above the gallant child,
Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder sound—
The boy—oh! where was he?
Ask of the winds that far around
With fragments strewed the sea;—

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,
That well had borne their part!
But the noblest thing that perish’d there
Was that young faithful heart.

TO MY CHILD.

THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

THEY say thou art not fair to others' eyes,
Thou who dost seem so beautiful in mine !
The stranger coldly passes thee, nor asks
What name, what home, what parentage are thine ;
But carelessly, as though it were by chance,
Bestows on thee an unadmiring glance.

Art thou not beautiful ?—to me it seems
As though the blue veins in thy temples fair,
The crimson in thy full and innocent lips,
The light that falls upon thy shining hair,
The varying colour in thy rounded cheek,
Must *all* of nature's endless beauty speak !

The very pillow which thy head hath prest
Through the past night, a picture brings to me
Of rest so holy, calm, and exquisite,
That sweet tears rise at thought of it and thee ;
And I repeat, beneath the morning's light,
The mother's lingering gaze, and long ' good night.'

Yea even thy shadow, as it slanting falls,
(When we two roam beneath the setting sun,)
Seems, as it glides along the path I tread,
A something bright and fair to gaze upon :
I press thy little eager hand the while,
And do not even turn to see thee smile !

Art thou not beautiful ?—I hear thy voice,
Its musical shouts of childhood's sudden mirth,
And echo back thy laughter, as thy feet
Come gladly bounding o'er the damp spring earth.
Yet no gaze follows thee but mine ;—I fear
Love hath bewitched mine eyes, my only dear.

Beauty is that which dazzles—that which strikes—
That which doth paralyze the gazer's tongue,
Till he hath found some rapturous word of praise
To bear his proud and swelling thoughts along :
Sunbeams are beautiful, and gilded halls,
Wide terraces, and showery waterfalls.

Yet there are things which through the gazing
eye
Reach the full soul, and thrill it into love,
Unworthy of those rapturous words of praise,
Yet prized, perchance, the brightest things above ;
A nook that was our childhood's resting-place,
A smile upon some dear familiar face.

And therefore did the discontented heart
Create that *other* word its thoughts to dress ;
And what it could not say was BEAUTIFUL,
Yet gained the dearer term of LOVELINESS.
The *loved* are *lovely*—as art thou to me,
Child, in whose face strange eyes no beauty see.

TO A CHILD.

Concluding Verses to a Volume of Miscellaneous Poems.

BERNARD BARTON.

My opening verses told of strength's decline,
 My last have painted life a vale of tears :—
 Let me not mournfully my task resign,
 Like one whose dark existence nought endears ;
 Without are fightings and within are fears !
 Be such awhile forgot ; I turn to thee,
 And to the promise of thy early years,
 As to the unfolding floweret flies the bee,
 Or as I gaze in spring on some young blooming tree.

The gnarled oak, with ivy overgrown,
 Scathed, blighted, blasted, where it meets the
 view
 May well call forth thought's moralizing tone ;
 Awakening meditations—sad, yet true :—
 But objects may be found of brighter hue,

To which it is delightful still to turn ;
Heaven's cloudiest arch, at times, has spots of blue,
Flowers bud and blossom round the funeral urn,
And gleams of sunshine break o'er winter's landscape stern.

Such hast thou been unto my spirit's eye,—
A ray of sunshine on life's wintry scene,
"A spot of azure on a cloudy sky ;"
A wreath of ivy, with its glossy green,
Dark, withered leaves and mossy boughs between :
A star in night's dim arch, with brightness glowing,
A blooming lovelier flower of modest mien,
In unsunned depth of glade untrodden growing,
A solitary spring, in some bleak desert flowing.

These things derive their magic loveliness
From contrast, and in darkness brighter shine,
And such, amid the ceaseless throng and press
Of ills which make the heart of manhood pine,
The charms of guileless innocence like thine :
Care-fretted hearts confess its soothing spell,
The toil-worn spirits own its power benign,
Feeling and thought ope memory's hidden cell,
And near life's fountain-head we briefly seem to dwell.

There is a holy blest companionship

In the sweet intercourse thus held with those
Whose tear and smile are guileless ; from whose lip

The simple dictate of the heart yet flows :
Though even in the yet unfolded rose
The worm may lurk and sin blight blooming
youth,

The light born with us long so brightly glows,

That childhood's first deceits seem almost truth,
To life's cold after lie, selfish and void of ruth.

Oh happy hours, when smile succeeds to tear,

And tear to smile, each taintless, brief and bright;
When joy treads fast on sorrow, hope on fear ;
Yet all too fresh to sate the appetite :

When peaceful slumbers seal the eyes at night,
And happy dreams on tranquil rest attend ;
Who but must mourn that age and sin should blight
Young hearts on which celestial dews descend,
Or pain's deep rankling thorns with pleasure's blossoms blend ?

Well spake our blessed Lord, while yet on earth,

" Suffer the little ones to come to me,
And chide them not : " to those who know their
worth,

Of such his heavenly kingdom seems to be ;

Nor can we hope its glories e'er to see,
Or taste its blessedness, till reconciled
To God, and through his holy grace set free
From every sin, whose thralldom has defiled ;
The spirit enter there, e'en as a little child.

Then when we meet with such, whose very glee
Is tinged with thoughtfulness beyond their years,
Each thought and feeling now inspired by Thee
The natural homage of the heart appears :
Objects of fondest wishes, hopes, and fears,
Might prayer of mine, dear child, a blessing claim,
Bright be thy smiles, and pangless be thy tears
As now they are, and ne'er may guilt or shame
Corrode thy guileless heart, or taint thy spotless
name.

ON A SLEEPING BOY.

SIR T. E. CROFT.

SLEEP! and while slumber weighs thine eyelids
down,
May no dread phantom o'er thy pillow frown,
But brightest visions deck thy tranquil bed,
And angels' wing o'ercanopy thy head.
Sleep on, sweet boy, may no dark dream arise,
To mar thy rosy rest, thou babe of Paradise!

See where the glowing hands are closely prest,
As when from prayer he softly sank to rest;
Mark, how with half-closed lips and cherub smile,
He looks as still he prayed and slept the while;
Yet, yet they seem as if they whispered praise,
For all the blessings of his halcyon days.

Bid, O Almighty Father, God, and friend,
Religion's glories on his steps attend,
To shine through all the gloomy storms of life,
A splendid beacon o'er this world of strife,
And when to thee recalled he sinks in death,
May prayer and praise still bless his parting breath!

THE CHILD'S LAST SLEEP.

SUGGESTED BY A MONUMENT OF CHANTREY'S.

MRS. HEMANS.

THOU sleepest, but when wilt thou wake, fair
child?—

When the fawn awakes in the forest wild?

When the lark's wing mounts with the breeze of
morn?

When the first rich breath of the rose is born?

Lovely thou sleepest, yet something lies

Too deep and still on thy soft-sealed eyes:

Mournful though sweet is thy rest to see;

When will the hour of thy rising be?

Not when the fawn wakes, not when the lark

Or the crimson cloud of the morn floats dark:

Grief with vain passionate tears hath wet

The hair, shedding gleams from thy pale brow yet;

Love with sad kisses, unfelt, hath press'd

Thy meek-dropt eyelids and quiet breast;

And the glad spring, calling out bird and bee,

Shall colour all blossoms, fair child! but thee.

Thou'rt gone from us, bright one !—that *thou* shouldst
die

And life be left to the butterfly ! *

Thou'rt gone, as a dewdrop is swept from the bough ;

Oh ! for the world where thy home is now !

How may we love but in doubt and fear,

How may we anchor our fond hearts here,

How should e'en joy but a trembler be,

Beautiful dust ! when we look on thee ?

* A butterfly, as if resting on a flower, is sculptured on the monument.

EVENING PRAYER AT A GIRLS' SCHOOL.

MRS. HEMANS.

HUSH! 't is a holy hour—the quiet room
 Seems like a temple, while yon soft lamp sheds
 A faint and starry radiance through the gloom,
 And the sweet stillness, down on bright young
 heads,
 With all their clust'ring locks, untouched by care,
 And bowed, as flowers are bowed with night, in
 prayer.

Gaze on—'t is lovely—childhood's lip and cheek
 Mantling beneath its earnest brow of thought:
 Gaze, yet what seest thou in those fair, and meek,
 And fragile things, as but for sunshine wrought?
 Thou seest what grief must nurture for the sky,
 What death must fashion for eternity.

Oh! joyous creatures, that will sink to rest
 Lightly, when those pure orisons are done,
 As birds with slumber's honeydew oppressed,
 'Midst the dim-folded leaves, at set of sun,

And take the thought of this calm vesper time,
With its low murmuring sounds and silvery light,
On through the dark days fading from their prime,
As a sweet dew to keep your souls from blight.
Earth will forsake, oh ! happy to have given
The unbroken heart's first fragrance unto Heaven !

COURSE OF TIME.

POLLOCK.

[EXTRACT.]

. And who
 Shall tell what strange variety of bliss
 Burst on the infant soul, when first it looked
 Abroad on God's creation fair, and saw
 The glorious earth and glorious heaven, and face
 Of man sublime, and saw all new, and felt
 All new! when thought awoke, thought never more
 To sleep! when first it saw, heard, reasoned, willed,
 And triumphed in the warmth of conscious life!

Nor happy only, but the cause of joy,
 Which those who never tasted always mourned.
 What tongue!—no tongue shall tell what bliss o'er-
 flowed

The mother's tender heart, while round her hung
 The offspring of her love, and lisped her name,
 As living jewels dropped unstained from heaven,
 That made her fairer far, and sweeter seem,

Than every ornament of costliest hue !
And who hath not been ravished, as she passed
With all her playful band of little ones,
Like Luna, with her daughters of the sky,
Walking in matron-majesty and grace ?
All who had hearts, here pleasure found ; and oft
Have I, when tired with heavy task,—for tasks
Were heavy in the world below,—relaxed
My weary thoughts among their guiltless sports,
And led them by their little hands afield,
And watched them run and crop the tempting
flower,—

Which oft, unasked, they brought me, and bestowed
With smiling face, that waited for a look
Of praise, and answered curious questions, put
In much simplicity, but ill to solve ;
And heard their observations strange and new,
And settled whiles their little quarrels, soon
Ending in peace, and soon forgot in love.
And still I looked upon their loveliness,
And sought through nature for similitudes
Of perfect beauty, innocence and bliss,
And fairest imagery around me thronged ;
Dewdrops at day-spring on a seraph's locks,
Roses that bathe about the well of life,
Young loves, young hopes, dancing on morning's
cheek,
Gems leaping in the coronet of love !

So beautiful, so full of life, they seemed
As made entire of beams of angels' eyes.
Gay, guileless, sportive, lovely little things !
Playing around the den of sorrow, clad
In smiles, believing in their fairy hopes,
And thinking man and woman true ! all joy,
Happy all day, and happy all the night !
.

THE DYING BOY.

ANONYMOUS.

IT must be sweet in childhood, to give back
 The spirit to its Maker ; ere the heart
 Hath grown familiar with the paths of sin,
 And sown, to garner up its bitter fruits.
 I knew a boy, whose infant feet had trod
 Upon the blossoms of some seven springs;
 And when the eighth came round and called him
 out
 To revel in its light, he turned away,
 And sought his chamber, to lie down and die.
 'T was night—he summoned his accustomed friends,
 And, in this wise, bestowed his last bequest:

“ Mother,—I ’m dying now—
 There is deep suffocation in my breast,
 As if some heavy hand my bosom pressed ;
 And on my brow

“ I feel the cold sweat stand :
My lips grow dry and tremulous, and my breath
Comes feebly up. Oh, tell me is this death ?
Mother your hand ;—

“ Here, lay it on my wrist,
And place the other thus beneath my head ;
And say, sweet mother, say, when I am dead
Shall I be missed ?

“ Never beside your knee
Shall I kneel down again at night to pray,
Nor with the morning wake and sing the lay
You taught to me.

“ Oh, at the time of prayer,
When you look round and see a vacant seat,
You will not wait then for my coming feet,
You ’ll miss me there.

“ Father, I ’m going home !—
To the good home you spoke of ; that blest land
Where it is one bright summer always, and
Storms do not come.

“ I must be happy then ;
From pain and death you say I shall be free,
That sickness never enters there, and we
Shall meet again.

“ Brother—the little spot
I used to call my garden, where long hours
We’ve staid to watch the budding things and
flowers,
Forget it not !

“ Plant there some box or pine ;
Something that lives in winter, and will be
A verdant offering to my memory,
And call it mine !

“ Sister, my young rose-tree,
That all the spring has been my pleasant care,
Just putting forth its leaves so green and fair,
I give to thee.

“ And when its roses bloom,
I shall be gone away, my short life done ;
But will you not bestow a single one
Upon my tomb ?

“ Now, mother, sing the tune
You sang last night ; I’m weary and must sleep.
Who was it called my name ? Nay, do not weep,
You’ll all come soon.”

Morning spread over earth her rosy wings,
And that meek sufferer, cold and ivory pale,

Until, with sobs convulsively repress,
He folds me closely to his beating breast ;

Then, in a tone subdued, he prays
For blessings on my head ;—
Then starting suddenly, he says,
“Thou art so like the dead !—
Forgive, my darling child, this weak despair,
But oh ! thy presence yet I *cannot* bear !”

Crushed, like a flower to earth I sink,
Or silent steal away ;
I even from my sisters shrink
And brothers at their play ;—
They too are kind, or so they fain would be,
But then they say, I must not weep for thee.

They tell me that I must submit,—
That God’s unfailing love,
To bring me to himself, sees fit
My young heart thus to prove,—
Oh ! I submit,—and only pray to be
Soon, soon, my mother ! in God’s heaven with thee.

SONNET.

“ She had no knowledge when the day was done,
 And the new moon she saw not,—but in peace
 Hung over her sweet basil evermore,
 And moistened it with tears unto the core.”

KEATES, FROM BOCCACCIO.

H. M. R.

THAT lovely lady, who with weeping eyes
 “ Hung over her sweet basil evermore,”
 As though her love it could to her restore,
 Nursing its growth with tears and fragrant sighs,
 Soft as the falling dews of evening skies :
 Cold were her feelings, cold the love she bore
 For him whose loss she sadly did deplore,
 To the pure love and fervent prayers which rise
 For *my* sweet Basil ! oh nought earthly may
 With the enduring holy love compare
 That fills a mother's heart : to God I pray
 That this dear child he will for heaven prepare ;
 For while *her* basil blooms but for a day,
Mine to a life eternal is the heir !

ADDRESS TO MY INFANT DAUGHTER.

On being reminded that she was a month old on that day.

WORDSWORTH.

..... Hast thou then survived,
 Mild offspring of infirm humanity,
 Meek infant ! among all forlornest things
 The most forlorn, one life of that bright star,
 The second glory of the heavens ?—Thou hast,
 Already hast survived that great decay,
 That transformation through the wide earth felt,
 And by all nations. In that Being's sight,
 From whom the race of human kind proceeds,
 A thousand years are but as yesterday ;
 And one day's narrow circuit is to Him
 Not less capacious than a thousand years.
 But what is time ? what outward glory ? neither
 A measure is of Thee, whose claims extend
 Through 'heaven's eternal year.'—Yet hail to thee,
 Frail, feeble monthling !—by that name methinks
 Thy scanty breathing-time is portioned out
 Not idly. Hadst thou been of Indian birth,

Couched on a casual bed of moss and leaves,
And rudely canopied by leafy boughs,
Or to the churlish elements exposed
On the blank plains—the coldness of the night,
Or the night's darkness, or its cheerful face
Of beauty, by the changing moon adorned,
Would, with imperious admonition, then
Have scored thine age, and punctually timed
Thine infant history, on the minds of those
Who might have wandered with thee.—Mother's
love,

Nor less than mother's love in other breasts,
Will, among us, warm clad and warmly housed,
Do for thee what the finger of the heavens
Doth all too often harshly execute
For thy unblest coevals, amid wilds
Where fancy hath small liberty to grace
The affections, to exalt them or refine;
And the maternal sympathy itself,
Though strong, is in the main a joyless tie
Of naked instinct, wound about the heart.
Happier, far happier is thy lot and ours!
Even now, to solemnize thy helpless state,
And to enliven in the mind's regard
Thy passive beauty, parallels have risen,
Resemblances, or contrasts, that connect,
Within the region of a father's thoughts,
Thee and thy mate and sister of the sky.

And first,—thy sinless progress, through a world
By sorrow darkened and by care disturbed,
Apt likeness bears to hers, through gathered clouds,
Moving untouched in silver purity,
And cheering oft-times their reluctant gloom.
Fair are ye both, and both are free from stain ;
But thou, how leisurely thou fill'st thy horn
With brightness ! leaving her to post along,
And range about, disquieted in change,
And still impatient of the shape she wears.
Once up, once down the hill, one journey, babe,
That will suffice thee ; and it seems that now
Thou hast foreknowledge that such task is thine ;
Thou travellest so contentedly, and sleep'st
In such a heedless peace. Alas ! full soon
Hath this conception, grateful to behold,
Changed countenance, like an object sullied o'er
By breathing mist, and thine appears to be
A mournful labour, while to her is given
Hope, and a renovation without end.
—That smile forbids the thought ; for on thy face
Smiles are beginning, like the beams of dawn,
To shoot and circulate ; smiles have there been seen,
Tranquil assurances that Heaven supports
The feeble motions of thy life, and cheers
Thy loneliness : or shall those smiles be called
Feelers of love, put forth as if to explore.
This untried world, and to prepare thy way

Through a strait passage, intricate and dim ?
 Such are they ; and the same are tokens, signs,
 Which, when the appointed season hath arrived,
 Joy as her holiest language, shall adopt,
 And reason's godlike power be proud to own.

RICH AND POOR.

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES.

[EXTRACT.]

BEHOLD our children as they play !
 Blest creatures, fresh from Nature's hand ;
 The peasant boy as great and gay
 As the young heir to gold and land ;
 Their various toys of equal worth,
 Their little needs of equal care,
 And halls of marble, huts of earth,
 All homes alike endeared and fair !

WE ARE SEVEN.

WORDSWORTH.

..... A simple child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage girl :
She was eight years old she said ;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic woodland air,
And she was wildly clad :
Her eyes were fair, and very fair ;
—Her beauty made me glad.

“ Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be ? ”
“ How many ? seven in all,” she said,
And wondering looked at me.

“ And where are they ? I pray you tell.”

She answered, “ Seven are we ;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

“ Two of us in the churchyard lie,
My sister and my brother ;
And, in the churchyard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother.”

“ You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven !—I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be.”

Thus did the little maid reply :

“ Seven boys and girls are we ;
Two of us in the churchyard lie,
Beneath the churchyard tree.”

“ You run about, my little maid,
Your limbs they are alive ;
If two are in the churchyard laid,
Then ye are only five.”

“ Their graves are green—they may be seen,”
The little maid replied,

“ Twelve steps or more from my mother’s door,
And they are side by side.

“ My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem ;
And there upon the ground I sit,
And sing a song to them.

“ And often after sunset, sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

“ The first that died was sister Jane ;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain ;
And then she went away.

“ So in the churchyard she was laid ;
And, when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.

“ And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side.”

“ How many are you then,” said I,

“ If they two are in heaven ?”

Quick was the little maid’s reply,

“ O master, we are seven.”

"But they are dead,—those two are dead !
Their spirits are in heaven !"
'T was throwing words away, for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, " Nay, we are seven."

KING JOHN.

SHAKSPEARE.

[EXTRACT.]

CONSTANCE.

GRIEF fills the room up of my absent child ;
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form ;
Then have I reason to be fond of grief.—
Fare you well !—had you such loss as I,
I could give better comfort than you do.
I will not keep this form upon my head
When there is such disorder in my wit.

[Tears off her head-dress.]

Oh Lord ! my boy ! my Arthur ! my fair son,
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world !
My widow's comfort, and my sorrow's care !

SKETCH OF A YOUNG LADY,

FIVE MONTHS OLD.

W. PRAED.

My pretty, budding, breathing flower,
Methinks if I, to-morrow,
Could manage, just for half-an-hour,
Sir Joshua's brush to borrow,
I might immortalize a few
Of all the myriad graces,
Which time, while yet they all are new,
With newer still replaces.

I'd paint, my child, your deep blue eyes,
Their quick and earnest flashes,
I'd paint the fringe that round them lies,
The fringe of long dark lashes ;
I'd draw, with most fastidious care,
One eyebrow, then the other,
And that smooth forehead, broad and fair,—
The forehead of your mother.

I'd oft retouch the dimpled cheek,
Where health in sunshine dances,
And oft the pouting lips, where speak
A thousand voiceless fancies ;
And the soft neck would keep me long—
The neck more smooth and snowy
Than ever yet in schoolboy's song
Had Caroline or Chloe.

Nor less on those twin rounded arms
My new-found skill would linger,
Nor less upon the rosy charms
Of every tiny finger,
Nor slight the small feet, cherished one,
So prematurely clever,
That though they neither walk nor run,
I think they'd jump for ever.

But then your odd endearing ways,
What study e'er could catch them—
Your aimless gestures, endless plays,
What canvas e'er could match them ?—
Your lively leap of merriment,
Your murmur of petition,
Your serious silence of content,
Your laugh of recognition ?

Here were a puzzling toil indeed
 For art's most fine creations!—
 Grow on, sweet baby, we will need
 To note your transformations,
 No picture of your form or face,
 Your waking or your sleeping,
 But that which love shall daily trace,
 And trust to memory's keeping.

Hereafter, when revolving years
 Have made you tall and twenty,
 And brought you blended hopes and fears,
 And sighs and slaves in plenty—
 May those who watch our little saint,
 Among her tasks and duties,
 Feel all her virtues hard to paint
 As now we deem her beauties.

LINES

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF THE REV. JAMES GRAHAM.

PROFESSOR WILSON.

[EXTRACT.]

O BLESSED privilege of Nature's Bard !
To cheer the house of virtuous poverty
With gleams of light, more beautiful than oft
Play o'er the splendours of the palace wall.
Methinks I see a fair and lovely child,
Sitting composed upon his mother's knee,
And reading with a low and lisping voice
Some passage from the Sabbath, while the tears
Stand in his little eyes, so softly blue,
Till, quite o'ercome with pity, his white arms
He twines around her neck, and hides his sighs,
Most infantine, within her gladdened breast,
Like a sweet lamb, half sportive, half afraid,
Nestling one moment 'neath its bleating dam.
And now the happy mother kisses oft
The tender-hearted child, lays down the book,

And asks him if he doth remember still
The stranger who once gave him, long ago,
A parting kiss, and blest his laughing eyes !
His sobs speak fond remembrance, and he weeps
To think so kind and good a man should die.

THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.

Now ponder well, you parents deare,
 These wordes which I shall write ;
 A doleful story you shall heare,
 In time brought forth to light.
 A gentleman of good account
 In Norfolke dwelt of late,
 Who did in honour far surmount
 Most men of his estate.

Sore sicke he was, and like to dye,
 No helpe his life could save ;
 His wife by him as sicke did lye
 And both possest one grave.
 No love between these two was lost,
 Each was to other kinde,
 In love they lived, in love they dyed,
 And left two babes behinde.

The one a fine and prettye boy,
Nor passing three years olde ;
The other a girl more young than he,
And framed in beautye's molde.
The father left his little son,
As plainye doth appeare,
When he to perfect age should come,
Three hundred poundes a yeare.

And to his little daughter Jane
Five hundred poundes in gold,
To be paid downe on marriage-day,
Which might not be controlled :
But if the children chance to dye,
Ere they to age should come,
Their uncle should possesse their wealth ;
For so the wille did run.

" Now, brother," said the dying man,
" Look to my children deare ;
Be good unto my boy and girl,
No friendes else have they here :
To God and you I recommend
My children deare this daye :
But little while be sure we have
Within this world to staye.

" You must be father and mother both
And uncle all in one ;
God knowes what will become of them
When I am dead and gone."
With that bespoke their mother deare,
" O brother kinde," quoth shee,
You are the man must bring our babes
To wealth or miserie.

" And if you keep them carefully,
Then God will you reward ;
But if you otherwise should deal,
God will your deedes regard."
With lippes as cold as any stone
They kist their children small :
" God bless you both, my children deare ;"
With that the teares did fall.

These speeches then their brother spake
To this sick couple there :
" The keeping of your little ones,
Sweet sister, do not feare :
God never prosper me nor mine,
Nor aught else that I have,
If I do wrong your children deare,
When you are layd in grave."

The parents being dead and gone,
The children home he takes,
And brings them straite unto his house,
Where much of them he makes.—
He had not kept these pretty babes
A twelvemonth and a daye,
But, for their wealth, he did devise
To make them both awaye.

He bargained with two ruffians strong,
Which were of furious mood,
That they should take these children young,
And slaye them in a wood.
He told his wife an artful tale,
He would the children send
To be brought up in faire London,
With one that was his friend.

Away then went those pretty babes,
Rejoycing at that tide,
Rejoycing with a merry minde,
They should on cock-horse ride.—
They prate and prattle pleasantly,
As they rode on the waye,
To those who should their butchers be,
And work their lives' decaye :

So that the pretty speech they had,
 Made murder's heart relent;
And they that undertooke the deed
 Full sore did now repent.
Yet one of them, more hard of heart,
 Did vowe to do his charge,
Because the wretch that hired him
 Had paid him very large.

The other won't agree thereto,
 So here they fall to strife ;
With one another they did fight
 About the children's life ;
And he that was of mildest mood
 Did slaye the other there,
Within an unfrequented wood ;—
 The babes did quake for feare !

He took the children by the hand,
 Teares standing in their eye,
And bad them straitwaye follow him,
 And looke they did not crye :
And two long miles he ledd them on,
 While they for food complaine :
"Staye here," quoth he, "I'll bring you bread,
 When I come back againe."

These pretty babes, with hand-in-hand,
Went wandering up and downe ;
But never more could see the man
Approaching from the town.
Their prettye lippes with blackberries
Were all besmeared and dyed,
And when they saw the darksome night,
They sate them downe and cryed.

Thus wandered these poor innocents,
Till deathe did end their grief,
In one another's armes they dyed,
As wanting due relief.
No burial this pretty pair
Of any man receives,
Till Robin-redbreast piously
Did cover them with leaves.

And now the heavy wrath of God
Upon their uncle fell ;
Yea, fearfull fiends did haunt his house,
His conscience felt an hell :
His barnes were fired, his goods consumed,
His landes were barren made,
His cattle dyed within the field,
And nothing with him stayed.

And in a voyage to Portugal
Two of his sonnes did dye ;
And to conclude, himselfe was brought
To want and miserye :
He pawned and mortgaged all his land
Ere seven yeares came about,
And now at length this wicked act
Did by this meanes come out :

The fellow that did take in hand
These children for to kill,
Was for a robbery judged to dye,
Such was God's blessed will ;
Who did confess the very truth,
As here hath been displayed ;
Their uncle having dyed in gaol,
Where he for debt was layd.

You that executors be made,
And overseers eke
Of children that be fatherless,
And infants mild and meak :
Take you example by this thing,
And yield to each his right,
Lest God with such like miserye
Your wicked minds requite.

HUMAN LIFE.

ROGERS.

[EXTRACT.]

THE hour arrives, the moment wished and feared ;
The child is born, by many a pang endeared.
And now the mother's ear has caught his cry ;
Oh grant the cherub to her asking eye !
He comes—she clasps him. To her bosom pressed,
He drinks the balm of life, and drops to rest.

Her by her smile how soon the stranger knows,
How soon by his the glad discovery shows !
As to her lips she lifts the lovely boy,
What answering looks of sympathy and joy !
He walks, he speaks. In many a broken word
His wants, his wishes, and his griefs are heard.
And ever, ever to her lap he flies,
When rosy sleep comes on with sweet surprise.
Locked in her arms, his arms across her flung,
(That name most dear for ever on his tongue,)

As with soft accents round her neck he clings,
And cheek to cheek her lulling song she sings,
How blest to feel the beatings of his heart,
Breathe his sweet breath, and kiss for kiss impart ;
Watch o'er his slumbers like the brooding dove,
And, if she can, exhaust a mother's love !

PICTURE OF A BLIND MAN.

PROFESSOR WILSON.

[EXTRACT.]

WHY sits so long beside yon cottage-door
That aged man with tresses thin and hoar ?
Fixed are his eyes in one continual gaze,
Nor seem to feel the sun's meridian blaze ;
Yet are the orbs with youthlike colours bright,
As o'er the iris falls the trembling light.
Changeless his mien ; not even one flitting trace
Of spirit wanders o'er his furrowed face ;
No feeling moves his venerable head :
He sitteth there—an emblem of the dead !
The staff of age lies near him on the seat,
His faithful dog is slumbering at his feet,
And yon fair child, who steals an hour for play,
While thus her father rests upon his way,
Her sport will leave, nor cast one look behind,
Soon as she hears his voice,—for he is blind !

List ! as in tones through deep affection mild,
He speaks by name to the delighted child !

Then, bending mute in dreams of painful bliss,
Breathes o'er her neck a father's tenderest kiss,
And with light hand upon her forehead fair
Smooths the stray ringlets of her silky hair !
A beauteous phantom rises through the night
For ever brooding o'er his darkened sight,
So clearly imaged both in form and limb,
He scarce remembers that his eyes are dim,
But thinks he sees in truth the vernal wreath
His gentle infant wove, that it might breathe
A sweet restoring fragrance through his breast,
Chosen from the wild-flowers that he loves the best.
In that sweet trance he sees the sparkling glee
That sanctifies the face of infancy ;
The dimpled cheek where playful fondness lies,
And the blue softness of her smiling eyes ;
The spirit's temple, unprofaned by tears,
Where God's unclouded loveliness appears ;
Those gleams of soul to every feature given,
When youth walks guiltless by the light of Heaven !

THE CHILD'S HEART.

H. M. R.

Oft have been sung in poet's lays
 The young child's beauty, and the winning grace
 Of all his simple ways,
 The loveliness of his sweet loving face,
 The gladness of his days ;
 The unsought serene sleep
 That gradually doth creep
 On his soft eyelids,—delicately closing
 Those inlets of the world without,
 That he, in silence and in shade reposing,
 His innocent young thoughts may fold
 Around his heart, safe-gathered from the cold
 Companionship of selfish fear and doubt.

These have been sung by many a sweet-toned lyre,
 But higher strains are theirs whose minds have
 sought
 The depths of the child's heart to pierce, in pure
 desire
 To commune with the beauty there enwrought—

The love and joy which fill
His bosom as he gazes
In his sweet mother's eyes,
Bent on him as he lies,
All hushed and still,
Close to her warm and beating heart ;
His spirit wandering in the mazes
Of the first earthly influence
That, free from any shade of ill,
Alone can joy unmixed impart,
Breathing a calm o'er every sense.

How beautiful his tenderness and gentle mirth,
His trusting faith—and the first glow
Of feeling for another's woe,
The first soft feeling since his very birth
Of pity, for distress he scarcely yet
Can understand, and quickly will forget !
A moment and 'tis past !
So every grief
That now appears,
Filling his little eyes with tears,
Is very brief,
And can no lengthened shadow cast,
His spirit's joy to dim with fears.

Pleasures exquisite and new
Flow round him in continual stream ;

The clear deep blue
Of summer skies, and each low murmuring sound,
And the still beauty of his nightly dream,
When sleep hath all his senses bound ;
 All brilliant hues of flowers,
 The glistening dew and showers,
 Into his soul sink deep,
And there become a fountain, ever springing,
 Of sweet mysterious memory,
That, when Time in future years is bringing
 Experience that shall make him weep,
New scenes and knowledge—visions fair,
Wonders pervading earth and air—
 Shall be a hidden treasury
Of loveliness and balmy thought,
Whence, all with outward beauty fraught,
 Shall draw a character, a tone,
 A grace and sweetness not their own.

And, oh ! the sacred joy which thrills
 His tender heart—the grateful glow
That his soft eyes with moisture fills,
 When, with clasped hands and mild, meek brow,
 To Heaven he first does raise
 His infant hymn of praise !
How beautiful is truth ! how precious in the sight
 Of God, as it appeareth
In the young child whose spirit never feareth,

But in simplicity and holy light
Dwelleth serenely bright !

Jesus ! who, when on earth, didst take
Young children to thy breast,
Now from thy throne above,
In thy eternal love,
Still may thy blessing rest
Upon earth's little ones, and make
Their trustful, loving hearts to be
Thine and the Father's sanctuary !

THE LOST ONE.

MARY HOWITT.

WE meet around the hearth—thou art not there,
 Over our household joys hath passed a gloom :
 Beside the fire we see thy empty chair,
 And miss thy sweet voice in the silent room.—
 What hopeless longings after thee arise !
 Even for the touch of thy small hand I pine,
 And for the sound of thy dear little feet—
 Alas ! tears dim my eyes,
 Meeting in every place some joy of thine,
 Or when fair children pass me in the street.

Beauty was on thy cheek—and thou didst seem
 A privileged being—chartered from decay ;
 And thy free spirit, like a mountain stream
 That hath no ebb, kept on its cheerful way :
 Thy laugh was like the inspiring breath of spring,
 That thrills the heart, and cannot be unfelt ;
 The sun, the moon, the green leaves, and the
 flowers,

And every living thing,
Were a strong joy to thee—thy spirit dwelt
Gladly in life, rejoicing in its powers.

Oh ! what had Death to do with one like thee ?
Thou young and loving one, whose soul did
cling,
Even as the ivy clings unto the tree,
To those who loved thee—thou whose tears would
spring,
Dreading a short day's absence, didst thou go
Alone into the future world unseen,
Solving each awful, untried mystery,
The unknown to know,
To be where mortal traveller hath not been—
Whence welcome tidings cannot come from thee ?

My happy boy !—and murmur I, that death
Over thy young and buoyant frame had power ?
In yon bright land love never perisheth,
Hope may not mock, nor grief the heart devour :
The beautiful are round thee—thou dost keep
Within the Eternal Presence, and no more
Mayst death, or pain, or separation dread :
Thy bright eyes cannot weep,
Nor they with whom thou art thy loss deplore,
For ye are of the living—not the dead.

Thou dweller with the Unseen, who hast explored
The immense unknown—thou to whom Death and
Heaven

Are mysteries no more, whose soul is stored
With knowledge for which men have vainly
striven,

Beloved child ! oh when shall I lie down
With thee beneath fair trees that cannot fade ?
When from the immortal rivers quench my thirst ?

Life's morning passeth on,
Noon speeds, and cometh the dim evening's shade
And night :—anon is every cloud dispersed,
And o'er the hills of Heaven the Eternal Day
shall burst !

ON THE PORTRAIT OF A CHILD.

BARRY CORNWALL.

A YEAR—an age shall fade away,
 (Ages of pleasure and of pain,)
And yet the face I see to-day
 For ever shall remain—
In my heart and in my brain !
Not all the scalding tears of care
Shall wash away that vision fair ;
Not all the thousand thoughts that rise,
Not all the sights that dim mine eyes,
 Shall e'er usurp the place
 Of that little angel face !
But here it shall remain
For ever ; and if joy or pain
Turn my troubled winter gaze
Back unto my hawthorn days,
There,—amongst the hoarded past,
I shall see it to the last ;
The only thing, save poet's rhyme,
That shall not own the touch of Time !

HYMN.

RIGHT REV. REGINALD HEBER, D.D.

By cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows !
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose !

Lo such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod ;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God !

By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay ;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage !

O Thou, whose infant feet were found
Within thy Father's shrine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,
Were all alike Divine,

Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still Thine own !

TO K. H. J.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

OH sweet new-comer to the changeful earth,
If, as some darkling seers have boldly guessed,
Thou hadst a being and a human birth,
And wert erewhile by human parents blest,
Long, long before thy present mother pressed
Thee, helpless stranger, to her fostering breast ;
Then well it is for thee that thou canst not
Remember aught of face, or thing, or spot,
But all thy former life is clean forgot.
For sad it were to visit earth again,
And find it false and turbulent and vain,
So little better than it was of yore,
Yet nothing find that thou hast loved before,
And restless man in haste to banish thence
The very shadow of old reverence.

But well for us that there is something yet
Which change cannot efface nor time forget :
The patient smile of passive babyhood,
The brook-like gurglings, murmuring after meaning,

The waking dream,—the shade as softly screening
The innocent sweetness of the opening bud
Which future love and sager thought encloses,
As dewy moss that swatches the swelling roses,
Till thought peers forth, and murmurs break to
words,

With human import, in the notes of birds.
And thus, sweet maid, thy voice so blithe and
clear

Pours all the spring on the good grandsire's ear,
Filling his kind heart with a new delight,
Which Homer may in ancient days have known,
Till love and joy create an inward sight,
And blindness shapes a fair world of its own—
Let mutability then work its will,
The child shall be the same sweet creature still.

ART AND NATURE.

PROFESSOR WILSON.

[EXTRACT.]

AGAIN I saw that lady fair :
Oh, what a beauteous change was there !
In a sweet cottage of her own
She sat, and she was all alone,
Save a young child she sung to rest
On its soft bed, her fragrant breast.
With happy smiles and happy sighs,
She kissed the infant's closing eyes,
Then, o'er him in the cradle laid,
Moved her dear lips as if she prayed ;
She blessed him in his father's name :
Lo ! to her side that father came,
And, in a voice subdued and mild,
He blessed the mother and her child !

A FATHER'S LAMENT.

WILLIAM HOWITT.

"Thou takes: not away. O death!
 Thou strik'st—and absence perisheth:
 Indifference is no more:
 The future brightens on our sight,
 For on the past is fallen a light
 That tempts us to adore."

WORDSWORTH.

Two creatures of a pleasant life were mine;
 My house they filled with a perpetual joy;
 Twin lamps that chased all darkness did they
 shine—
 My fairy girl and merry-hearted boy.
 I never dreamed Death would their mirth destroy,
 For they were dwelling 'mid life's freshest springs,
 And I was busied with a fond employ,
 Ranging the future on Hope's fearless wings,
 And gathering for them thence how many pleasant
 things!

In truth, I was a proud and joyful man,
 As from the floor unto the very roof
 Their murmured bursts of joy and laughter ran,

And jocund shouts which needed no reproof—
All weariness, all gloom was kept aloof,
By their quaint shows and fancies ever new,
Now bending age with staff in its behoof,
Now Island Crusoe and “Man Friday” true,
Now shipmates far at sea with all their jovial crew.

But a dark dream has swept across my brain,
A wild, a dismal dream that will not break—
A rush of fear—an agony of pain—
Pangs and suspense that inly made me quake.—
My boy ! my boy ! I saw thy sweet eyes take
A strange unearthly lustre, and then fade ;
And oh ! I deemed my heart must surely break,
As, stooping, I thy pleasant locks surveyed,
And felt that thou must die, and they in dust be laid.

Oh ! precious in thy life of happiness !
Daily and hourly valued more and more,
Yet, to the few brief days of thy distress,
How faint all love my spirit knew before !
I turn and turn, and ponder o'er and o'er,
Insatiate, all that sad and dreamy time
Thy words thrill through me—in my fond heart's
core
I heard thy sighs, and tears shed for no crime,
And thy most patient love sent from a happier clime.

How dim and dimmed is my home!—a sense
Of thee spreads through it like a haunting ill;
For thou—for ever, thou hast vanished thence!
This—this pursues me, gone where'er I will,
And all the traces thou hast left but fill
The hollow of thine absence with more pain;
I toil to keep thy living image still,
But fancy feebly doth her part maintain;
I see, yet see thee not, my child! as I would fain.

In dreams for ever thy dear form I grasp,
In noonday reveries do I rove—then start—
And certainty, as with an iron clasp,
Shuts down once more to misery my heart;
The world from thee as a shorn flower doth part,
Fading its care and knowledge with "Farewell!"
But in my soul a shrined life thou art,
Ordained with memory and strong hope to dwell,
And with all pure desires to sanctify thy cell.

Spring like a spirit is upon the earth—
Forth gush the flowers and fresh leaves of the tree,
And I had planned, with wonder and with mirth—
The bird, the nest, the blossom, and the bee
To fill thy boyish bosom—till its glee
O'erflowed my own with transport! In far years
I felt thy hand in mine, by stream and lea,

Wandering in gladness—But these blinding tears,
Why will they thus gush forth, though richer hope
appears ?

Far other land thy happy feet have trod,
Far other scenes thy tender soul has known—
The golden city of the eternal God,
The rainbow-splendours of the eternal throne.
Through the pearl gate how lightly hast thou
flown !
The streets of lucid gold—the chrysolite
Foundations have received thee—dearest one !
That thought alone can break affliction's might,
Feeling that thou art blest, my heart again is light.

Thanks to the framer of life's mystery !
Thanks to the illuminator of the grave !
Vainly on time's obscure and tossing sea
Hope did I seek, and comfort did I crave ;
But He who made, neglecteth not to save—
My child !—thou hast allied me to the blest :
I cannot fear what thou didst meekly brave ;
I cannot cease to long with thee to rest ;
And heaven is doubly heaven with thee, with thee
possessed.

TO MY FIRST-BORN SON.

H. M. R.

"BLESS thee ; may Heaven bless thee, my sweet
boy,"

My fond heart whispers oft, when none can hear :
Bless thy young face, thy speaking glance of joy,
Thy glowing cheek, where childhood's transient tear
Seldom hath dimmed the smile, to me so dear ;
Thy voice, whose bird-like music doth proclaim
The untaught gladness springing in thy breast ;
Or now in murmuring tones thy mother's name
Breathes from thy parted lips, when gently pressed
With kiss of holiest love, she lays thee down to rest.

And when by sleep's soft touch thy laughing eyes
Are lightly closed, lingering, I love to gaze
Upon thy peaceful beauty, till arise
Bright visions o'er my soul of future days,
Of boyhood's fearless truth and well-earned praise,—
Of youth's first pure and ardent love of all
The good and beautiful in nature found,—
Of manhood, foremost at his country's call,

Her freedom to defend, and see unbound
Chains, which too long have borne her children to the
ground.

Thus doth my hopeful fancy dare to trace
The bright perspective of approaching years ;
For how can I behold that tranquil face,
And think care's withering touch or sorrow's tears
Must quench its light?—But why these boding fears?
I know that thou in life's distress must share,
But at thy side, the cherished of thy love,
A fond and faithful one I picture there,
Whose gentle voice each sorrow shall remove,
Or lead thy chastened heart to rest in God above!

TO HER GRAND-DAUGHTER,

SOPHIA JOANNA BAILLIE.

MRS. BAILLIE.

BEAUTIFUL baby, where art thou ?
What is thy little pastime now ?
Who at this moment is caressing
The fondly loved, the first-born blessing ?

Is it papa, with vig'rous dancing,
Thine eyes with timid pleasure glancing,
While added bloom adorns thy cheek,
And seems of "fearful joy to speak ?"
Ah ! soon with pain is pleasure bought,
And early is the lesson taught !

Or seated on thy mother's knee,
Dost thou some new discovery see—
Some sight thou 'st never seen before,
Some object glitt'ring on the floor,

Some little scrap of gaudy hue,
Some toy just placed within thy view ?
Or do sweet sounds attract thine ear,
Some words of fondness whispered near,
Some pretty song of ancient story,
Some tale of pussy and her glory,
While thou display'st thy little store
Of knowledge and of learned lore ?

Or does some latent power within
Its influence now first begin,
Excite thee with a glad surprise,
And animate thy soft blue eyes,
Urge thee to efforts strange and new,
And bring some fresh exploit to view ?
Gifts from on high bestowed on thee,
Thou heir of immortality !

O ye, to whom the task is given
To guide the little feet to Heaven,
Check the first step that goes astray,
And early teach them virtue's way !
Rugged sometimes may be the road
That leads to her divine abode,
And sometimes clouds may intervene,
And darken the surrounding scene,
And for a moment hope may fail,
And terrors may the soul assail :—

Fear not ! the haven keep in view,
And love divine will help us through ;
Help us when most we see to fear,
When most we think that danger's near ;
Help us when most we seem alone,
Help us with power beyond our own !

January, 1837.

O D E.

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF
EARLY CHILDHOOD,

WORDSWORTH.

“ The child is father of the man ;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.”

I.

THERE was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,—
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore ;
Turn wheresoe’er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no
more.

II.

The rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the rose,

The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare ;
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair ;
The sunshine is a glorious birth ;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth.

III.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
And while the young lambs bound,
As to the tabor's sound,
To me alone there came a thought of grief ;
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
And I again am strong :
The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep,
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong :
I hear the echoes through the mountains throng,
The winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
And all the earth is gay ;
Land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity,
And with the heart of May
Doth every beast keep holiday ;—
Thou child of joy,
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy
shepherd boy !

IV.

Ye blessed creatures, I have heard the call
Ye to each other make ; I see
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee ;
My heart is at your festival,
My head hath its coronal,
The fulness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all.
Oh evil day ! if I were sullen
While the earth herself is adorning,
This sweet May-morning,
And the children are pulling,
On every side,
In a thousand valleys far and wide,
Fresh flowers ; while the sun shines warm,
And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm :—
I hear, I hear, with joy I hear !
—But there's a tree, of many one,
A single field which I have looked upon,
Both of them speak of something that is gone :
The pansy at my feet,
Doth the same tale repeat :
Whither is fled the visionary gleam ?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream ?

V.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting :
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar :

Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home :
Heaven lies about us in our infancy !
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing boy,
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy :
The youth, who daily further from the east
Must travel, still is nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended :
At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

VI.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own ;
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind ;
And even with something of a mother's mind,
And no unworthy aim,
The homely nurse doth all she can
To make her foster-child, her inmate man,
Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came.

VII.

Behold the child among his new-born blisses,
A six years' darling of a pigmy size !

See where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
With light upon him from his father's eyes ;
See at his feet some little plan or chart,
Some fragment from his dream of human life,
Shaped by himself with newly-learned art ;
 A wedding or a festival,
 A mourning or a funeral ;
 And this hath now his heart,
And unto this he frames his song :
 Then will he fit his tongue
To dialogues of business, love, or strife :
 But it will not be long
 Ere this be thrown aside,
 And with new joy and pride
The little actor cons another part ;
Filling, from time to time, his "humorous stage"
With all the persons, down to palsied age,
That life brings with her in her equipage ;
 As if his whole vocation
Were endless imitation.

VIII.

Thou whose exterior semblance doth belie
 Thy soul's immensity ;
Thou best philosopher, who yet dost keep
Thy heritage, thou eye among the blind,
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,

Haunted for ever by the eternal mind,—

Mighty prophet ! seer blest !

On whom those truths do rest

Which we are toiling all our lives to find,

In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave ;

Thou over whom thy immortality

Broods like the day, a master o'er a slave,

A presence which is not to be put by ;

Thou little child, yet glorious in the might

Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,

Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke

The years to bring the inevitable yoke,

Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife ?

Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,

And custom lie upon thee with a weight,

Heavy as frost and deep almost as life.

IX.

O joy ! that in our embers

Is something that doth live,

That nature yet remembers

What was so fugitive !

The thought of our past years in me doth breed

Perpetual benediction : not indeed

For that which is most worthy to be blest,—

Delight and liberty, the simple creed

Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,

With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast :—

Not for these I raise
The song of thanks and praise ;
But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings ;
Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realised,
High instincts before which our mortal nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised :
But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,
Are yet a master-light of all our seeing,—
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal silence : truths that wake
To perish never ;
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,
Nor man nor boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy !
Hence in a season of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

X.

Then sing, ye birds, sing, sing a joyous song !
And let the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound !
We in thought will join your throng,
Ye that pipe and ye that play,
Ye that through your hearts to-day
Feel the gladness of the May !
What though the radiance which was once so bright
Be now for ever taken from my sight,
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower ;
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind,
In the primal sympathy
Which having been must ever be ;
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering,
In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

XI.

And O, ye fountains, meadows, hills, and groves,
Forbode not any severing of our loves !
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might :
I only have relinquished one delight
To live beneath your more habitual sway.
I love the brooks which down their channels fret,
Even more than when I tripped lightly as they ;

The innocent brightness of a new-born day
Is lovely yet ;
The clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober colouring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality ;
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

THE END.

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